

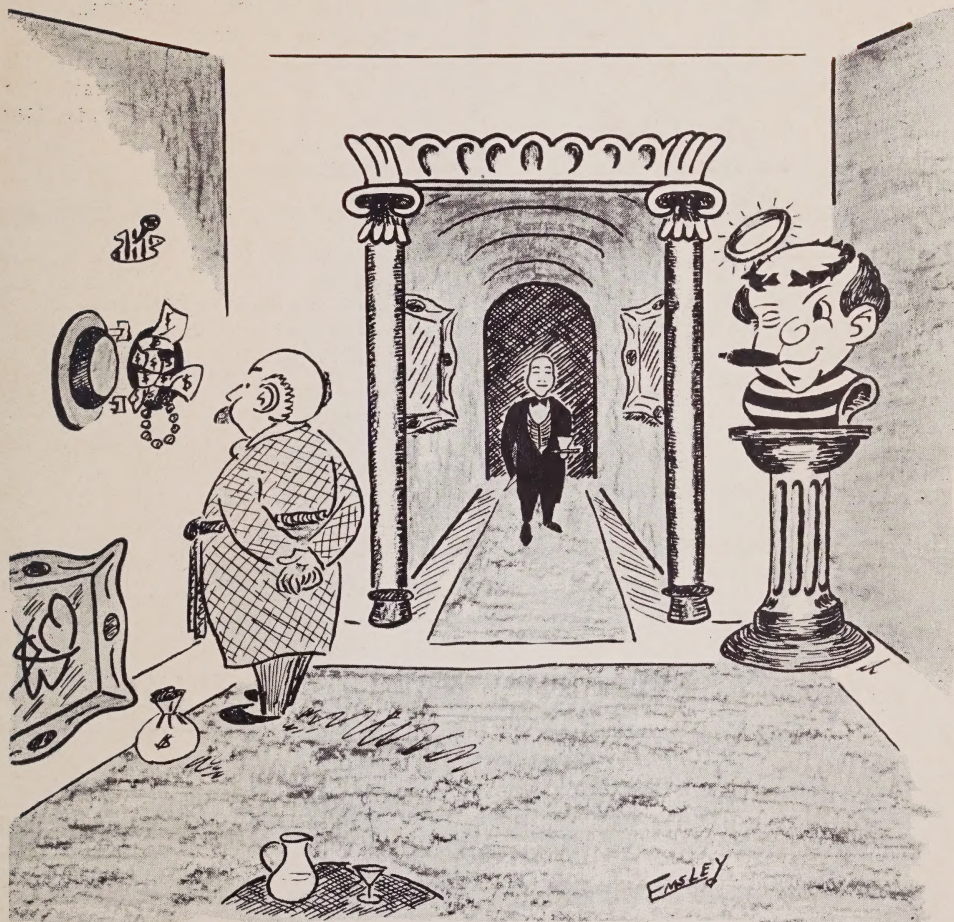
CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

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Diamond

FEBRUARY

1964



On The Inside:

- * Two Fiction Stories
- * Opinion Poll
- * Operation: 3 R's

- * Mortgage Manor
- * Harry The Hustler
- * 80 Inmates Honored

Diamond

Vol. 14, No. 1 Feb. 1964

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Diamond Opinion Poll

C.B. Inmates Expect to Return

Almost two-thirds of the inmates interviewed for the DIAMOND's bi-monthly Opinion Poll admitted that the chances are good they will be back in prison or penitentiary not too long after they are released.

Viewing their chances for survival in the 'outside world' pessimistically, they provided a variety of personal and sociological reasons why they felt they were destined to return, despite any efforts on their parts to the contrary.

Of the 100 inmates interviewed, ages ranging from 26 to 58, 64% said they fully expected to return to prison or penitentiary. Seventy-seven percent of the entire group has previously served time, either in reformatory, provincial prisons, or penitentiaries, and 40% have been in all three. They are serving an average sentence of four and a half years; their crimes ranging from seduction to armed robbery.

The majority of those who felt they would return to prison agreed that the largest single factor against them is the fact that there are no jobs available to them, with their limited education and technical skills, which would pay a high enough income to live 'beyond the constant threat of want'. Most agreed they would not have the patience to constantly 'lug a lunch pail' to a job, day in and day out, with little hope of ever improving their situation.

Fifty-three percent insisted that prison has increased, rather than decreased,

ed, their original desire for a more comfortable and easy life, free from 'always having to hustle to make a buck'.

"Time in a 'joint' (jail, prison, penitentiary) only makes me more restless and dissatisfied," one inmate said. "I always feel as if I gotta make up for lost time. I ain't got that much against working and lugging a lunch bucket, but with all the time I got lost in these places, there just ain't the time to make it the slow way. I get the feeling sometimes, that I just gotta accomplish something. I got no idea what it is, or what I'm gonna do about it, but I know it ain't in no ditch, with a shovel in my hand."

In more or less related words, other inmates said the same thing: That prison makes them feel restless and impatient; that when they get out they have to make up for lost time; that somehow they have been left behind in the race and that they have to run twice as fast as anyone else to even catch up.

This attitude is peculiar not only to ages past 35, but to those under 30 as well.

More often than not, they do not catch up. The recidivist rate (those returning to jails, prisons and penitentiaries) is about 82% for Canada.

A third of the group, however, felt they could make it on the outside. They were, for the large part, first offenders, 'white collar' criminals, and sex offenders.

30 Academic Grads Among...

80 C. B. Inmates Honored At Graduation Ceremonies

Thirty Collin's Bay graduates of academic correspondence courses were honored, for the first time, at the annual Vocational Training School graduation ceremonies, October 1.

The 30 inmates received certificates of training, along with 50 inmates who had completed courses in the six departments of the Collin's Bay Vocational Training School.

In addition to the 80 graduates, another 70 inmates and guests attended the ceremonies. Approximately 60 inmates presently enrolled in the vocational training program were among those present.

Guest speaker was D.C. McNeil, director of apprenticeship, Province of Ontario.

Other speakers and guests included D.M. McLean, regional director, Penitentiary Services; Major C.M. Hercus, district inspector of apprenticeship; A.J. Campbell, financial secretary, Carpenters Local 249, and John Howard representatives A.M. Kirkpatrick, executive director; F.E. Ewald, casework supervisor, and A.K. Couse, executive assistant.

Warden Fred Smith officially opened the activities for the afternoon. He also gave a brief synopsis of his recent visit to Great Britain and drew some startling comparisons between the penal

systems of England and Canada.

Regional Director McLean delivered the introductory remarks and presented the certificates to graduates of the vocational and academic correspondence courses.

Mr. Kirkpatrick preceeded Mr. McNeil with some remarks concerning the John Howard Society and the attitudes necessary if an inmate expects to succeed 'outside'. He emphasised the fact that an inmate's attitude toward his work and future planning, and his attitude toward society, when he is released from the institution, is equally important as his technical skill in his particular trade.

Deputy Warden Ulric Belanger was chairman for the program.

Inclusion of the academic correspondence graduates was made for the purpose of giving recognition to those inmates who had completed correspondence courses, and to provide encouragement to those presently taking courses but who have not completed them.

More detailed information concerning the Education Department and correspondence courses may be found in the pictorial feature in this issue of the DIAMOND.

Mr. McNeill's topic concerned certification under the new provisions of the

recently revised Ontario Apprenticeship Act (See Issue #6 last year). He also covered regulations governing the barbering trade, which have also been altered recently to make certification compulsory in that trade. He also, mentioned the need for welders, a non-designed trade.

Mr. McNeill had previously been a speaker here (1960).

Following the ceremonies, visitors, staff, and graduates adjourned to the Officer's Mess for a light lunch and informal discussion. Inmates were provided an opportunity to discuss with persons concerned, conditions existing in industry and trades today.

One visitor observed that inmates appeared sincerely interested in participating in training programs and

seemed to have broken through the barrier of not wanting their fellow inmates to know they were changing their attitudes.

The events were covered by local news media and were featured in two separate news reports and local television news.

Graduates were from vocational brickmasonry, carpentry, electrical, motor vehicle repair, sheetmetal, and welding. Correspondence graduates' courses included elementary mathematics, introductory mathematics, mathematics 'A', mechanical drawing 'A', sheetmetal work, diesel engineering, principles of radio, book keeping 'A', introductory French mathematics, English composition, English literature, and German '1'.

Fair Hobbycraft Sales Lowest in Several Years

Sales from local inmate hobbycraft at the Ottawa Central Exhibition, and the Kingston Fair, during the late summer and early fall, were the lowest recorded in several years, according to a spokesman from the inmate hobby craft office.

Durning the nine-day Ottawa Exhibition, a total of \$310.71 worth of crafts were sold. The Kingston Fair, lasting only four days, recorded a slightly higher figure at \$440.

Inmate hobbycraft at the Kingston Fair is an annual feature and many people come for the purpose of viewing, and sometimes buying, the work of inmates from Collin's Bay, Kingston, and Joyceville Penitentiaries.

Goods submitted for sale consisted primarily of coppercraft, costume jewelry, gen craft, miniature woodwork and some leathercraft.

Paintings were submitted at the Kingston Fair, but not for the Exhibition.

EDITORIAL COMMENT...

America's Answer to Imprisonment

From its inception over 185 years ago, the United States has been a nation devoted to innovation and originality. These two traits, more than any other, have made the giant to the south of Canada a world leader in almost every department by which a powerful nation is judged. Not least among these is social progress, and part of social progress is penological (or prison) reform.

It was in the United States (Pennsylvania) where the majority of crimes were first removed from the death and torture list, and punishment at hard labor in houses of correction substituted. From this start, grew the prison systems of most of the world as we know them today.

In the years which followed experiments were made with minimum security prisons, work camps, probation, parole, and abolition of the death penalty in many states. Now one of the so-called backward southern states has come up with another innovation.

In North Carolina, approximately 1,400 inmates take part in a unique program which allows them to work during the days on an 'outside' job, while returning to prison at night. This sort of part-time prison sentence is presently being used in many other states for short jail terms. Under this latter method, a person sentenced to, say, 30 days, continues his regular job during the week and does his sentence on weekends, and sometimes in the

evening. But North Carolina is the first state to attempt it for prison sentences.

A young woodcutter, working in a craftshop, makes \$130.00 per week. A bricklayer earns \$3.00 an hour, and supports his 61-year-old mother. Another construction worker supports his family and two children while earning \$2.75 an hour. Similar jobs held by the remainder of the 1,400 North Carolina convicts help save the state an estimated \$800,000 per year.

Utilizing this, and other methods, North Carolina is one of the few states which have shown a decrease in prison population over the past two years.

Part of the North Carolina attack is effective rehabilitation programs and **INCREASED USE OF PAROLE.**

"Effective rehabilitation programs", in North Carolina, do not involve a lot of double-talk, mumbo jumbo, and wasted money. They assault the weakest link in the problem—education, or lack of it.

"The link between crime and lack of education is irrefutable," says George W. Randall, director of North Carolina Prisons. "Of 540 youthful felons that we have, 512 were school dropouts."

C.R. Hogeboom, Collin's Bay Penitentiary Education Officer, told the **DIAMOND** recently that almost 75% of Collin's Bay inmates have less than a grade six education. A **DIAMOND** opinion survey, several months ago, re-

vealed that of 100 inmates interviewed, approximately 90% agreed that education—or lack of it—was a prime reason why they had resorted to, or become involved, with crime.

In the North Carolina prison system, school attendance is *mandatory* for those inmates who have not attained at least a grade four level.

Just recently, Collin's Bay has instituted an all-day school program, but it is *voluntary*. Schooling on any basis at Collin's Bay is voluntary.

The North Carolina prison system has a well-established vocational trades training program. In Canada,

Collin's Bay is one of the few penitentiaries or prisons which have such a program.

Two years ago, the prison population in North Carolina reached 12,000, an all-time high. Today, through the increased efforts and means mentioned above, notably the 'outside' regular jobs, the population is down to 11,000, where originally the prediction had been 14,000 for the state this year. Canada's prison and penitentiary population is steadily rising and the need for additional prisons and penitentiaries is acute.

100 Attend Plaque Dedication

Almost 100 outside visitors, including the 40-member St. John's Girls and Church Senior Choir, Kingston, and the Kingston Rotary Club, were present at the dedication services for the Collin's Bay Protestant Chapel plaques, Sunday, November 3.

A total of 275 attended. In addition to the choirs and the Rotary Club, inmates and members of the Kingston clergy and their wives were also present.

Dedicating the plaques was Canon Allen Anderson, secretary to the Anglican Diocese of Ontario. Rev. Minto Swan, C.B. Protestant chaplain, supervised the services.

The plaques are ecclesiastical symbols, 10 in all, which line the two sides of the chapel. They were made and designed by Kingston artist Ole Jonassen. Jonassen has many of his works in various buildings in Kingston and Ontario.

The Kingston artist contributed his services and time, charging the institution only for the cost of the materials, a total of \$300. The amount was met by contributions from inmates, their families, and the penitentiary staff.

Harry Birchall, organist and choirmaster, directed the two choirs.

The Rev. K.C. Evans, bishop of Ontario, was originally slated to dedicate the plaques, but was unable to attend because of illness.

The Silly Saga of a Sorry Sap
And a Web-Weaving Freeloader....

The Spiderman of Collin's Bay



Diamond
Humor

"The Birdman of Alcatraz" was unique only in that he received a great deal of publicity, and that he was serving a bundle of time. Domesticating various sorts of animal life appears to be a common practice in all prisons over the world. Collin's Bay is no exception.

The favorite, here, appears to be kittens, rather than birds; though I have known some guys who caught pigeons and attempted to make pets of them. Snakes, lizards, and mice are not uncommon. But for pure, unadulterated nuts, the Spiderman has to take the cake.

When I first heard this guy was making a pet of a spider, I did not give it a second thought because he already had a reputation for being something of a 'kook'.

For instance, he once got the notion that he was a poet. Coming into his cell, one night, he discovered that a mouse had blundered into his water closet. Contemplating the suddenly amphibious rodent, he was struck with inspiration for a poem. From that simple experience (I use simple advisedly, for that is the only word to express the

intellectual expanse of our friend) came the improbable "Ode to a Mouse Floundering in a Toilet Bowl".

Later, I discovered he was not only making a pet of the afore-mentioned spider, but a friend as well.

Apparently, it began when he discovered this scrawny arachnida residing in a particularly dirty corner of his cell. The little fella couldn't have been more than a fledgling, from the description given me later, but he was ambitiously stalking a husky fly twice his size.

Unfortunately, in addition to being small, he was also something of an incompetent. He leaped upon the fly's back, not unlike a fox terrier on the back of a cow, and fastened himself on with his multitude of stilted and jointed legs. Firmly entrenched, all that was left to him was to hit the astonished fly with his stinger, or whatever else it is spiders use to 'top' (kill) their prey. But the little jerk probably never considered that far ahead, or might have been somewhere else, spinning a web or something, when his mother came to this part of the lesson on how to shop for and bring home the groceries.

In any case, the fly, understandably having no inclination to becoming a meal for any half-pint spider, took off. Half flying and half running, he battered himself and the free-loading runt against the cell wall until the spider finally got it through his head that descretion is the better part of valor, and let go. Insolently, the victorious fly buzzed his fallen victim several times and then zipped off to another, more friendly, section of the cell. The little spider staggered painfully off to his corner and sat there sulking.

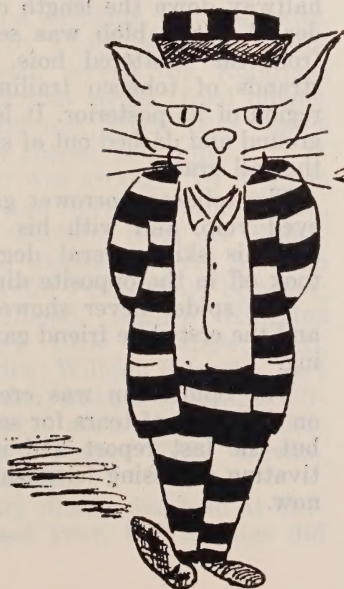
The plight of the misbegotten insect must have struck a responsive note in the heart of the soon-to-be Spiderman. A tear or two formed in the corner of his sympathetic eye.

A short while later, another fly circled overhead and, probably having been tipped off by the first fly as to

the ineffectualness of the defeated and dejected spider, landed only a few inches away. He edged closer to the chastized spider and teased him, saucily, with a flutter of his wings. The little insect simply sat there, glowering, but not daring a second humiliation.

Angered by this further degradation of his many-legged friend, the Spiderman snatched up the fly, decapitated it and gently offered the succulent, and now totally unresponsive, meal to the spider.

While he may have been inefficient, ineffectual, forgetful, and perhaps a coward, to boot, he was not a complete fool. Disregarding personal pride, he pounced on the proffered 'blue plate special' and dined as though it was a filet mignon, which it may have been, as far as spiders are concerned.



HE TAKES CARE
OF THE RATS..!

EMBLEY

Well, this ding-bat, digging this action, and feeling a warm glow, not unlike that a person receives after having performed an act of charity, began scuttling his cell in an attempt to catch other flies for the munching critter in the corner. He spent the rest of the evening feeding him.

As it turned out, the despicable spider never did learn to catch his own dinner. Every day, for the next several months, the Spiderman could be seen chasing flies along the Gaza Strip (main cell block corridor) and, after dispatching them to the happy hunting grounds of flies, put them in a little box he carried in his pocket for that purpose.

Not long ago, they decided to paint his cell. This offered a threat to the now web-fouled roost of his bosom buddy. One thing was certain. He could not allow the sorry creature to be exterminated by a heartless sweep of some painter's brush. In a moment of brilliant inspiration, he punched holes in the top of a plastic honey container and, scooping up his room-mate, put him in it. For the next few days, he carried him around in his pocket, placing the freshly caught flies right in with him, so that he would have warm meals, rather than the cold snacks he had previously had to settle for.

After a time, they became such friends, and so attached to each other, that the Spiderman no longer bothered with the plastic container. In the morning, just before he was ready to leave the cell, he would reach carefully for his jacket where the spider, no longer little, but an obese obscenity about the size of a dime, was perched on the shoulder.

On cold, windy days, he would offer the creature the sanctuary of his tobacco pack, where the fat little beast apparently picked up the tobacco habit. The Spiderman swore he chewed a strand of tobacco after each meal.

The whole stupid farce ended a few days ago, when the Spiderman left his jacket on a peg nearby while he was working. A friend, out of tobacco, decided he would borrow some of the Spiderman's. Being a myoptic individual, he apparently did not see the pudgy insect sleeping on top of the tobacco as he rolled his smoke. The Spiderman, looking up from his work just about the time the nearsighted guy was touching a light to the end of his smoke, realized, in an instant, what had taken place.

He was about to snatch away the lighted cigarette when, suddenly, the white paper seemed to explode about halfway down the length of the cylinder. A black blob was seen erupting from the shattered hole, smoke and strands of tobacco trailing from the region of its posterior. It leaped to the ground and dashed out of sight through the tall grass.

The tobacco borrower gave a wide-eyed yelp, and with his mouth agog and his skin several degrees whiter, took off in the opposite direction.

The spider never showed up again, and the erstwhile friend gave up smoking.

The Spiderman was crestfallen and on the verge of tears for several weeks, but the last report had it he is cultivating a passing friendship with flies, now.

—R.H.A.

Kingston Rotary Hold Annual Fund Raising Meeting In C. B. Gym

Sixty Collin's Bay inmates recently received a peek into a world most of them had not previously seen.

They attended the annual Kingston Rotary International's fund raising dinner for students, November 7, in the penitentiary's new auditorium.

Inmate reactions were varied, but all were impressed by the casualness and consistent humor of the Rotarians. A few inmates joined in the community singing, and most laughed at the members' high-jinks and attempts to avoid fines.

Prison regulations prevented inmates from eating with the service club members, but, after an early lunch, they sat in chairs along the sidelines, drinking coffee and watching. Other inmates, supervised by Chief Steward Christopher McLeod, served the Rotarians grilled tenderloin steaks, fried onions, creamed potatoes, green peas, apple pie, cheddar cheese, and coffee.

The affair was arranged by Warden Fred Smith and Reverend Minto Swan, Protestant chaplain. Both are Rotarians. Guests included David McLean regional director Penitentiary Services; V.S.J. Richmond, warden Kingston Penitentiary; Ulric Belanger, C.B. deputy warden; William Rynasko, ass't deputy warden, inmate training; William Westlake, ass't deputy warden, custody, and Father Felix Devine, Catholic chaplain.

The Rotary dinner was held at Collin's Bay last year, but inmates did not attend.

According to Mr. Rynasko, the penitentiary's purpose in sponsoring the dinner, and the attendance of inmates was to allow inmates an opportunity to witness the workings of a civic service club meeting.

Most members of Rotary International are community leaders and business men.

The Kingston Rotarians took advantage of the opportunity to thank inmates for their financial and physical aid in helping with the recent United Appeal drive in Kingston.

Guest speaker was Dennis Awang, Queens University graduate student, majoring in chemistry, from Port au Spain, Trinidad. His topic concerned the plight of foreign graduate students in Canada, 30% of whom are without adequate funds to finance the completion of their education because Canadian law restricts their employment while in the country. He paid tribute to the Rotary International's student fund.

Highlight of the entertainment, from the viewpoint of the applauding Rotarians, was the Collin's Bay tumbling team, directed by Al Mundy. Members of the group included Slaunwhite, LeFort, Strasser, Barry, Singleton, Pealow Crockatt, and Madaras.

Scotty McGown, mess steward, demonstrated and performed on the bagpipes for Rotarians and inmates.

Radio, TV, and newspaper coverage was provided by reporters and cameramen from Kingston and Toronto.



Vive l' Argent or . . .
Home was never like this

MORTGAGE MANOR

"It is time," said the Editor of The Diamond, "that we had a story on this separatism jazz in Quebec."

"Get off your butt," he told the magazine's Toronto correspondent, the pulpy churl of Mortgage Manor, "and see what's going on down there. I'd go myself and do a proper job, but I can't get away from the office this year. Don't bother turning in an expense account."

The churl dutifully packed his wife, his stepmother-in-law and the kitchen sink into his diminutive sedan and set forth for the Gaspé. Ever a coward, he had bought a French automobile for the trip. He found that the Canadiens could not have cared less. Their interest, he learned, was primarily in the contents of his wallet.

Vital statistics of the junket were: Eight days, \$179.42, 3,271 miles, 32.3 miles to the gallon, three severe frights on the highways (two of them in Ontario), no hits and no traffic tickets. The stepma-in-law insisted on paying her own shot. The fact that the party escaped the perils of the road is indubitably attributable to the fact that the two women are devout members of the Aquatic Church and spent most of their time praying when the car was in motion.

So far as separatism was concerned, the churl was unable to gather any im-

portant information because he found it impossible to distinguish the citizens of La Belle Province from people, save that a majority of them spoke French.

Throughout Quebec the accommodation for tourists—bilingual or otherwise—was excellent. Average motel charge for three persons in two rooms was \$15. At Ste. Anne des Monts the churl went a brisk round with la langue Francais in dealing with a motel manager. The Gaspésien gazed at the churl for a moment in dazed disbelief, then divined what was going on.

"M'sieu' speaks French," he declared, with Gallic diplomacy.

"Apparently not," sighed the churl. He was given a single motel unit with a double bed and a single bed. In English, he haltingly explained that madame la mere would prefer a room to herself. The manager was desolate—this was the last unit. But boila! Perhaps there was a room at the hotel. There was. The stepmother-in-law was installed in the hotel; more money changed hands. The motel proprietor later got the churl out of bed to make a \$2 refund. As but two persons were using the motel unit, the cost was less.

By comparison, a gay old pirate with a roadside stand on No. 9 Highway east of Montreal deftly shortchanged the churl out of 20 cents and a jar of

apple jelly. He evidently regarded his feat as a mere bagatelle—something in the way of shooting sitting birds—for he handed the churl three small red apples as a token of his goodwill (or, perhaps, his superiority).

A few of the tradesmen with whom the churl had to deal professed total inability to speak English. At Cap de la Madeleine the churl needed some rubber cement to rectify a small oversight on the part of his automobile's manufacturers.

When the garageman looked scornfully blank at the churl's explanation of his needs in English, the churl resorted to sign language. He waved several bank notes and pointed at the spot on the window which needed goo. He got the cement.

Chalked up here and there on barns and bridges were Quebec Libre slogans. The great majority of the Quebecois, however, were friendly and obliging. Nobody threw rocks at the Ontario license plates. Even the Canadian drivers seemed to have lost their nerve. The churl was chased off the pavement on two occasions, once by a Cadillac and again by a tractor-trailor, but their pilots showed no real determination to kill him or his passengers.

Gastronomically, the tour was disappointing. Best meals were obtained at a service station restaurant on the mainland side of the Canso Causeway and at the Roma Motel outside Edmundston, N.B. Through the Gaspé, however, the grub was considerably better than the churl had found it on his last venture into those parts seven years ago.

The roads were excellent. Only in Montreal and St. John, N.B. did the churl's latent paranoia make driving difficult. In the latter city, the traffic engineers have chosen a particularly difficult and intimidating route for through traffic. So thoroughly cowed was the churl that half an hour and 15 miles went by before he found he had taken a wrong turn and was heading back in the direction from which he had come.

In conclusion the churl is inclined to think that if Quebec secedes from the Canadian confederation, New Brunswick and, possibly, Nova Scotia may go along with her. This would be inconvenient.

The best way to avoid separation, he believes, would be to determine just how much of l'argent tourists from the rest of the country spend in Quebec and the Maritimes each year, and publish the figures. The churl is confident that the gentlemen who furnished accommodation for his party last September would be reluctant to lose this revenue.

Most of the fuss about separatism seems to be over the question of language. The churl is quite willing to study French and do his best to speak that language when he is in Quebec or dealing with a resident of the province. He would suggest, however, that the Canadians might co-operate with English-speaking Canadians who are trying to speak French by reducing their word output from the normal 400 per minute to a comprehensible 150. Then, the churl might occasionally get the message.

The Little, Gray Schoolhouse:

Operation Three R's

Collin's Bay inmates pursue interrupted or incomplete educations—as a means of making *time* serve them instead of their serving *time*.

Story and Photos by RHA

The teacher leaves his desk and, on his way to the modern, greentinted blackboard, picks up his pointer and a piece of chalk.

"Suppose," he begins, "a man has three bushels of apples..."

As he is speaking, he marks the pertinent facts and figures on the board. Having completed his presentation of the problem, he puts the chalk down and points to one of the students at the rear of the room.

"Mason, will you please come to the board and work out the solution for the class?"

Parallels to this classroom scene occur everyday in hundreds of Canadian schools, from September through June. But there are some special differences:

Students' ages range from 18 to 60;

The teacher wears a special blue uniform, not unlike that of the American Air Force;

The classroom door is locked from the outside;

Students live within the same general enclosure as the school;

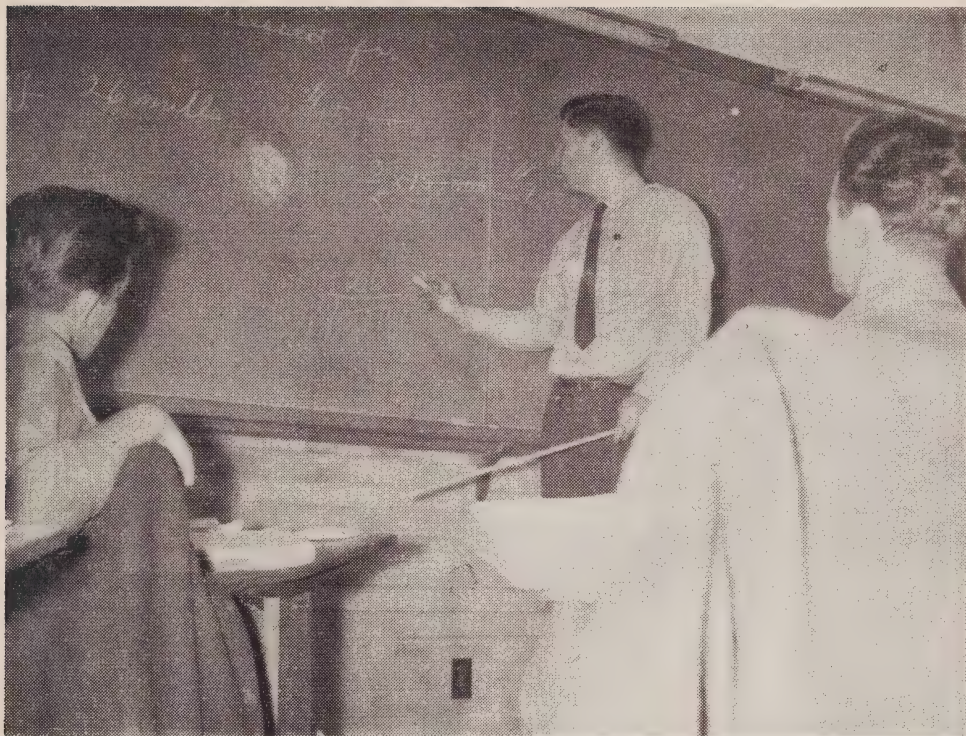
Although attendance is strictly voluntary, every one of the students would much rather, if given the choice,

be somewhere else.

And the most unique difference is that these students, gathered within the walls of the modern, well-lighted classroom, are imprisoned convicts. They are inmates of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

Meeting five days a week, Monday through Friday, these men follow a curriculum ranging from first grade through eighth grade. And upon successful completion of eighth grade, and passage of a regular Ontario Department of Education achievement test, they are awarded a certificate which is, in every way, equal to that which thousands of Canadian children receive each year. The certificate does not bear the name of the Penitentiary, is signed by the Superintendent of Education for the Kingston area, and is as valid and acceptable in every way as if they had earned it on the 'outside'.

School attendance and class arrangements, however, also have their special differences from regular elementary schools. One of these is that classes are not attended on a grade by grade basis. Grade one through three are lumped into the Junior section, grade four,



five and six make up the Intermediates, and grades seven and eight are the Seniors.

Class periods and programs of study are planned and followed according to the three classifications.

The Beginners are concerned, primarily with reading, spelling, and English. The Intermediates concentrate on mathematics, and the Seniors range over the courses needed to pass the ODE examination.

Charged with the successful operation of the school, and its subsidiary, the correspondence course program, are C.R. Hogeboom, Education and Library Officer, and his assistant, C.R.

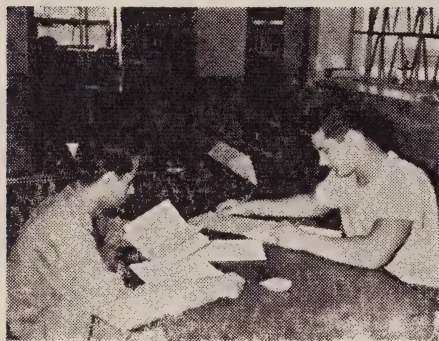
Smith, who is also the school teacher.

Hogeboom's task centers primarily on the overall planning of the school curriculum, the Institution Library, and handling the Ontario Department of Education, the Department of Veteran Affairs, and multitude of other correspondence courses inmates enroll in.

Smith does the actual classroom teaching, and assists Hogeboom, whenever his time permits.

Both are certified teachers by the Province of Ontario.

Although they enjoy their unique tasks in the field of education, both men recognize the special problems



they are faced with.

Smith, for example, has found he is required to do more private, or individual tutoring, than he would normally do on the 'outside'.

Hogeboom, as Education and Library Officer, is faced with a variety of problems no school principal on the 'outside' would care to contend with.

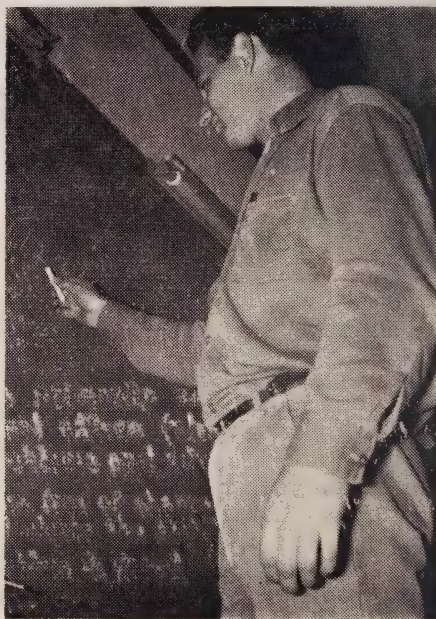
"About 95% of the inmates here should be attending, or taking a correspondence course, up to the grade 10 level," Hogeboom told the DIAMOND. "Another 56 to 75% are grade eight, or lower," he said.

The Education Department gives a special academic aptitude test to each inmate upon entering the Penitentiary. "Most inmates claim at least a grade eight education," Smith remarked. "But the tests indicate usually a grade six, or lower."

Hogeboom went on to explain that this did not necessarily mean the men had not, at one time, attained a grade eight level. Long absence from school may, and usually does, cause them to forget certain subjects, particularly mathematics and the formal rules of English. And it is not an unusual practice for some teachers and schools to

send a not overly bright student through the various grades without his actually having earned the right to pass.

To most inmates, this failing does not offer a serious problem in getting along in the Institution, but Collin's Bay has a special vocational training program, noted for its excellence. In order for an inmate to enroll in certain of the courses, particularly the Carpenter, Electrician, and Motor Vehicle Repair, certain academic standards must be met, depending upon union requirements. Completion of a course from the Institution's vocational training program makes a graduate eligible to join the union as fully qualified apprentice.





CLASSROOM ASSISTANCE is an important factor. Here C.R. Smith provides individual help to a student.

Those who do not have the required grade level standing must make it up in the school, if they intend taking the vocational courses. In addition to the school work, special ODE and DVA correspondence courses also aid them.

Hogeboom and Smith also attempt to impress upon the inmate that, even if they do not plan taking one of the vocational courses, competition on the

'outside' is such that very few satisfactory jobs can be acquired without the bare minimum of a grade eight.

As a case in point, Hogeboom likes to draw attention to the Dupont nylon plant in nearby Kingston, which is presently sending its employees to school, to reach at least a grade 10 level.

The institution emphasizes and encourages inmates to go to school and take courses . . .

But, although most inmates can usually do well in school, few stick it out all the way through.

Hogeboom said no one has as yet made the complete trip from grade one through to grade eight. Few, in fact, make it from the Intermediates through the Seniors. From a starting class of about 25 in the Intermediates, usually only three or four earn their certificate. The Senior group, however, has a very low mortality rate.

"Dropouts," said Smith, "are about 50% the fault of the inmate, and 50% due to circumstances beyond their control."

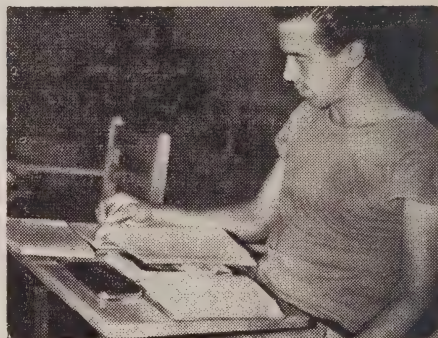
Paroles, expiration of sentences, vocational training courses, and camps take away some inmates who would have normally completed their courses.

But others quit in fits of pique because they failed to make a parole, were refused a camp, a vocational course, turned down on a work or a cell change. Some also claim an excessive amount of noise on their cell ranges.

Certain work gangs have better school enrollment and attendance records than others. Hogeboom said the Paint, the Carpenter, and Machine shops usually contribute the bulk of the students. The kitchen, invariably, makes the worst showing, but this is attributable to the fact that they work long and hard hours.

The foreign-born and French inmates often are the most serious and dedicated students, Smith claimed.

The Institution Classification Department usually cooperates completely with the Education Department, par-

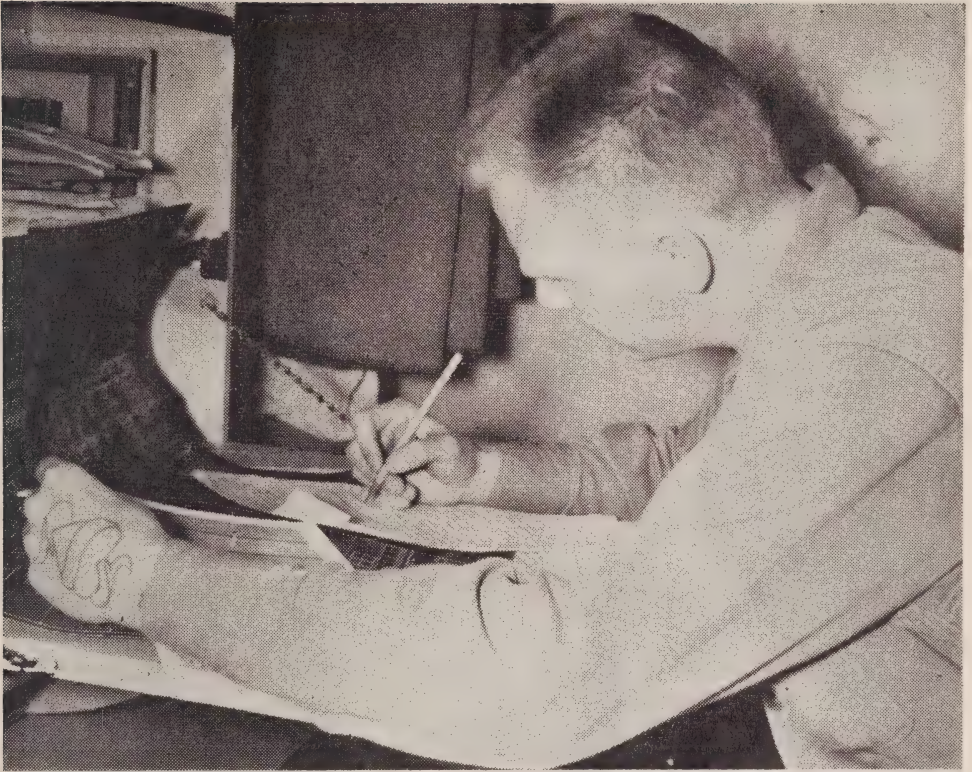


STUDENTS ARE encouraged to find their own answers before asking for help.

ticularly with job assignments which will permit the inmate time to go to school, take a correspondence course, and to study. But sometimes, Hogeboom said, an inmate is sent to him with a request to bring him up to a grade eight level, or to teach him to read and write. Sometimes, this is a comparatively simple task; at others, it is impossible.

He cited the example of one inmate who was sent to school with instructions to teach him to read and write.

"We worked very hard with him," Hogeboom recalls. "We would write down the word we wanted him to learn, CAT for instance, and draw a picture next to the word so that he could make the association. At first, he made no headway at all. Then, sometimes, it would seem as though he was progressing. He would get a dozen or so words right in an afternoon, but the next morning, he would have completely forgotten everything."



CELL STUDY is part of all learning at Collin's Bay.—But correspondence courses require more than other types.

"We stayed with him for quite a while," Smith concurred, "even though it was obvious we were fighting a losing battle. He was so sincere and determined to succeed. We finally did make some progress with him. We taught him to write his name."

The correspondence courses are Hogeboom's special province.

"A man who completes a correspondence course," he said, "has really accomplished something. It is not merely

the accumulation of information he might retain from such a course as much as it is the self-discipline he has displayed in sticking with it."

Almost any correspondence course offered in North America is available to the inmate, according to Hogeboom.

"There are, of course, some exceptions. I imagine the Warden might look with some disfavour upon a gunsmith, a demolitions, or a brew master course," he laughed, "but we have been



CORRESPONDENCE COURSES are primarily an individual effort. However, C.R. Hogeboom, educational officer (above), is always on call to help an inmate with knotty problems and advice.

able to get almost any reasonable course requested."

ODE, DVA, and a few courses offered by Queens University, are the most popular as far as inmates enrolled is concerned. This is due, to some degree, to the fact that these courses

are free of charge to the inmate, particularly the ODE and DVA courses. The free courses from Queens, though there is no charge for tuition, require certain text books which the inmate has to acquire on his own.

No money is available for commer-

Ontario Department of Education courses are the most popular; also the best says Hogeboom. . .

cial courses, which require the payment of tuition fees. However, inmates who are interested in such courses, and who have the necessary funds to pay for them, may take them.

ODE courses in the Institution are available from grade nine through thirteen. The courses below this level are not encouraged because of the availability of the regular classroom study within this range.

Courses offered by the Department of Education are primarily academic. Those offered by the Department of Veterans Affairs cover both academic and vocational, as well as some general

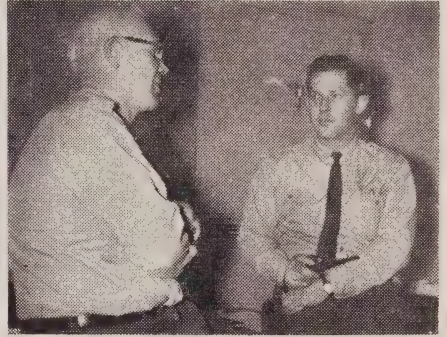
The DVA courses are, in many instances, somewhat outdated, particularly in such academic subjects as history and geography; and many vocational courses. The scope with which they cover a subject is usually narrower, also. They are intended, primarily, as review or refresher courses; the presumption being that the student has already had some prior experience with the subject covered.

Another defect to the DVA courses is the fact that the ODE will recognize and credit the achievements of a veteran, but not those of a non-veteran.

A total of 220 courses from ODE and DVA were being taken by Collin's Bay inmates as of October 31.

The Education Department sets aside a half day a week during which inmates taking correspondence courses may seek help with their studies if they cannot get it from the school from which they are taking the course.

The Department, in cooperation with the Classification Department and the



CONFERENCES ON various phases of the Collin's Bay Education program are common between Smith and Hogeboom.

Inmate Training program, is tentatively planning additional classes for the two modern classrooms in the new auditorium building completed this year. A new school teacher, H.J. Brown, was recently hired and added to the Department staff.

A recent poll, sent out by the Education Department, attempting to evaluate the interest of inmates in attending school on a full time basis, brought response from approximately a quarter of the total population.

"If any single goal an inmate pursues in prison is going to help him mend his life upon release," Hogeboom said, "it is education. This does not only mean the acquisition of technical competence in academic and vocational subjects, but also an understanding of the culture of our present day civilization and the place each individual plays in it."



FULL TIME classes will provide more complete programs.

Full Time School Program Begins Classes On Trial Basis In November

Collin's Bay's first full-time School program was started on a trial basis early in November.

The new program, if continued, will be a radical departure from the old, part-time system. It is the first time such a venture has been at-

tempted at Collin's Bay, and the second in the Federal Penitentiary system. Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, has the only other full-time school program.

Under the old system, students, on a voluntary basis, attended school

two half-days a week. The full-time arrangement will remain on a voluntary basis, but students will be assigned directly to the Education Department, without regular work assignments, and will attend classes between eight A.M. and four P.M., five days a week.

Originally, students were graded into one of three categories: junior, intermediate, and seniors. For the full-time school, only junior and seniors will be designated. The juniors will cover grades one through four, and the seniors, grades five through eight.

The part-time school program has not been permanently scrapped according to C.R. Hogeboom, Super-

visor of Education. He said the part-time program may be instituted again to supplement the full-time school.

Students under the full-time program do not have regular work assignments. Therefore, those inmates who wish to continue with their regular work will not be eligible to attend school unless the part-time system is reinstated.

Teachers for the full-time school are C.R. Smith, who taught under the old arrangement, and H.J. Brown, a new teacher recently hired by the Penitentiary Service. Both are accredited by the Ontario Department of Education.

Vocational Trades Represented At Toronto Royal Winter Fair

Collin's Bay Vocational Trades Training School was represented at the Toronto Royal Winter Fair, November 15-23, by four training shops, according to Chief Vocational Officer H.C. Hornbeck.

A.J. Robinson, Vocational Electric Shop instructor, represented Collin's Bay at the Fair, and was in charge of the displays.

The four vocational shops which arranged and sent displays to the Fair at the National Exhibition Grounds were the Plumbing, Welding, Machine, and Electric Shops.

Kingston Penitentiary was also represented.

The Plumbing Shop arranged a dis-

play of pipe connections, lead joints, and brass works, all of which were made in the institution.

The Welding Shop showed different types of weld used in welding steel, bronze, aluminum, and cast iron.

The Machine Shop had a display of tools used in tool and die making, and in the machinists' trade, as well as gears, camshafts, universal joints, and gauges. Many of the tools displayed were made in the Machine Shop.

The necessary parts and wire to repair an electric motor were displayed by the Electric Shop.

Kingston Penitentiary arranged a display which illustrated the various steps by which a shoe is made.

Dear Eddy...

DEAR EDDY: This is the time of the year when good will prevails throughout the world. It would be nice at this time if you chaps would forget your animosities against society and endeavour to make a resolution for the following year in which love your fellow man would be the key factor.

W.W.

DEAR W.W. Very good indeed. Resolutions for us, revolutions for you. I predict that there will be a total reformation in here which should coincide with the declaration of peace and goodwill among nations out there.

DEAR EDDY: Are criminals in there the same as they are depicted? I realize this is of a personal nature, but what I am referring to is the killings and escapes that one sees on the TV, and in the movies.

CURIOUS

DEAR CURIOUS: All I see is a bunch of men, like myself, killing time and trying to escape boredom.

DEAR EDDY: Is it true that money will go moldy if it is buried in the ground, even if the plastic bag is watertight?

CELL #???

DEAR CELL ???: You will notice that I used ??? instead of your cell number. That is to prevent some smart aleck from filling you full of erroneous information. We, the guys on the Diamond, decided that the person sending in the most interesting problem would be invited to spend Christmas

Eve up here with us. Nothing fancy, a few cigars over a pot of coffee. So come on up, and we will discuss your problem in detail.

YOUR FRIENDLY EDDY

DEAR EDDY: Do you believe in Santa Claus?

DEAR CELL 378: YESSIREE!!

DEAR EDDY: What happened to the prison bloodhound? Long time, no see.

CELL #857

DEAR CELL #857: *One of the guys took off. Fido followed. The guy backtracked to the kitchen, placed his feet on top of the hamburger grinder, stepped down, and turned on the machine. Then, he left. Everytime I think of it, I get an empty feeling in my stomach.*

DEAR EDDY: Is it possible to beat the horses?

CELL #478

DEAR CELL #478: *Yes, but keep an eye open for the S.P.C.A.*

DEAR EDDY: Do you think a parole is worth while?

CELL #827

DEAR CELL #827: *A parole is like a payroll, Depends on how big it is.*

DEAR EDDY: I got one good 'beef' about this joint. How come all the chairs in the auditorium are made of metal? You'd think they'd be padded or something.

CELL #578

DEAR CELL #578: *I only knew one institution where we had the chairs padded. That was a real swinging bucket. Everything was padded: The beds, the chairs, even the walls. And talk about class. You couldn't even get a job there unless you had a doctor's degree.*

DEAR EDDY: When I came in, I got a couple of letters a week from the girl friend, then it was once a week. Now, it's once a month. She was always right on time. What could have happened?

CELL #109

DEAR CELL #109: *Nothing to fret over. She's temporarily out of ardor.*

DEAR EDDY: Have you ever considered having a pen pal club whereby people could write to inmates, on a purely friendly basis?

BEV

DEAR BEV: *That's a toughie. Unfortunately, men on the inside are no different from men on the outside. And if I do happen to run across one, what female would want a pure, friendly male?*

What's Happening In Other Pens ???

INDIANA STATE PRISON — Inmates here, belonging to Alcoholics Anonymous, have been allowed, during the past two years, to attend outside meetings in neighboring Michigan City.

FOLSOM PRISON — Gov. Edmond G. Brown, California, recently approved a bill which allows the Director of Adult Corrections to remove inmates from prison for the purpose of 'arranging parole placement programs'. This means that an inmate receiving, or applying for, a parole, may leave the prison, under supervision, to arrange for a job, a place to live, etc., prior to receiving his final discharge from a California prison.

LORTON REFORMATORY (Federal) Lorton, VA. — "The first lady of song" Ella Fitzgerald, starred in the Reformatory's Eighth Annual Jazz Festival, during the month of July. Past stars of the Festival have been Count Bassie, Duke Ellington, Sarah Vaughn, Nancy Wilson, Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, Herb Ellis, and the Hi-Lo's.

HUNTSVILLE STATE PRISON, Huntsville, Texas, — High school graduation ceremonies were held in the Texas State Prison with one of the largest crop of graduates a prison has ever processed at one time — 104 men received their high school diplomas. C.B.P. has no high school classes as such. Some men take Ontario Department of Education correspondence courses.

LEAVENWORTH PENITENTIARY (Federal) Leavenworth, Kansas, — Inmate commissary at the maximum security federal penitentiary grossed \$279,932, in net sales for the 1962 Fiscal Year.

This was an increase of \$18,715.64 from the previous year — most of the increase was accounted for by the recent wage increase of inmate industries earnings. Most FPI (Federal Prison Industries) inmates earn, at a minimum, \$30 per month. But many others earn twice and three times this amount.

Father Charles (Dismas) Clark, the famed 'Hoodlum priest', died, August 15, of a heart attack, at the age of 62, in St. Louis, Mo. He was reputed to have aided in the rehabilitation of some 3,500 ex-convicts.

SOUTHERN MICHIGAN PRISON (State) Jackson, Mich., — Two American drug firms will construct two medical research buildings, valued at better than a half million dollars, on the grounds of Southern Michigan State Prison.

Parke-Davis and the Upjohn Co. will underwrite the two buildings which Parke-Davis and the Upjohn Co. will underwrite the two buildings which will be built primarily with inmate labour.

Work on a \$250,000 laboratory building, to be occupied by the Upjohn Co., has already been started.

In addition to the inmate volunteers for research testing, other inmates will assist in organizing various phases of the program, and will also contribute clerical and nursing work.

Inmates at the prison have taken part in volunteer testing since 1934.

ENGLAND — British penologists have introduced a tentative plan under which certain classes of inmates, in selected prisons, are now completing the last nine months of their sentence in semi-freedom. The inmates are permitted to work at regular jobs in civilian industry, reside on a hostel, and go about on the town in the evenings.

The regular wages earned give the prisoners an opportunity to accumulate a small savings account which enables them to get off on an even start when released.

They may also be permitted five days home leave four to two months prior to their release for the purpose of contacting possible employers, handle domestic problems, and to 'generally restore self-confidence.'

—The Mentor

CAMBRIDGE ENG:

NO HORSE SENSE

Mathematicians at Cambridge University tried to forecast the result of a horse race by feeding information into an electronic computer. All the mathematical brain could decide was that the winner would be a horse.

HAMILTON ONT: (TOR. TELEGRAM)

MEET THE GUNLESS POLICE FORCE

No one has to tell St. John's police chief E.A. Pittman to lay his pistol down. He doesn't carry one.

Two hundred police chiefs are meeting here. Chief Pittman's is the only gunless force in Canada.

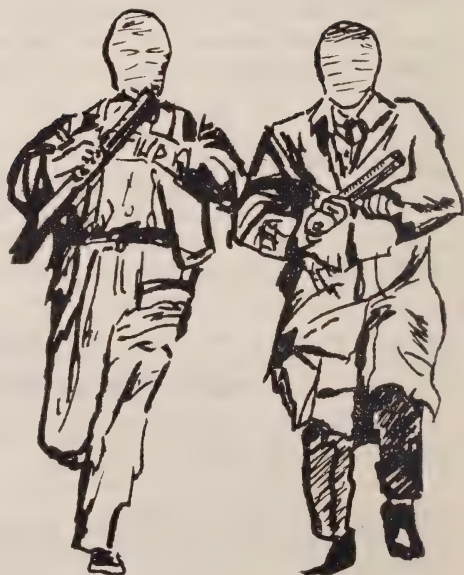
"We find if we don't carry weapons, the criminals don't either," Chief Pittman said.

**Diamond Fiction
Special**

*two
for
the
money*

by Kent Muzylo

Men make plans in order to avoid mishaps and to control the future.... but plans often have a way of going astray and events sometimes appear to have a mind of their own—As Sam and Harry, two larcenous citizens learned.



The night was dark and tense and seemed to poise an undetermined threat. The heavy cloud blanket crouched low over the city and, in the south and west, reflected the feeble glow of the remaining downtown lights with a sickly greyish yellow hue. It was shortly after one a.m. and there was a promise of rain before dawn.

A police cruiser stopped at the intersections of Castlefield and Dufferin, near Toronto's city limits. Two policemen stepped out to inspect a small factory in the sparse residential district. Their inspection was cursory, and in a few moments they were heading back to their automobile.

But in the fuzzy gloom, they did not see the black Chrysler parked some fifty yards away. As the police returned to their cruiser, the occupants of the silent vehicle watched them and relaxed.

The twin red eyes of the receding taillights had barely disappeared when the left front door of the Chrysler swung open silently and one of the men slipped out. In his arms, he carried a pair of sawed-off shotguns. He secreted them in the tall grass of the empty lot, adjacent to the car. They were not taking any chances. Both men had been previously convicted on armed robbery charges. Apprehension with the forbidden weapons in their possession would amount to a conspiracy charge and would bring them as much time in the penitentiary as if they had committed a robbery.

Besides, at the moment, the guns were excess baggage. They would not

be needed until they were ready to move.

Across the street from the Chrysler, some fifty yards ahead, and directly in front of the small factory, sprawled the Canadian Tire Store's 24-hour service station and garage, and retail automotive parts store. This ultimate spawn of the automotive age was scattered over two acres of land which, less than 15 years ago, had been wild bush.

The men, however, were not interested in geography or history, tonight. Their attention was centered on elementary economics. The culmination of several weeks observation, this night promised the safe would be heavy with the receipts of a busy week.

They waited another five minutes.

Then, suddenly, efficiently, with the direct movements of precision planning, the youngest of the pair, Sam Vitero, emerged from the vehicle and retrieved the weapons. Vitero, stocky, medium height, was smartly dressed. His attire seemed more appropriate for a dinner party than a holdup. Sam was a ladies' man, and was always conscious of his appearance. Besides, he had told his partner, Harry Schultz, before they had left the apartment, if the cops shot him, he would make a good looking corpse. Harry had spat in disgust, but Sam had only laughed and continued combing his hair. Sam was only two years past twenty.

But now, as he returned to the car, the guns under his arm, his face was tense and grim. His stomach was tight

with anticipation, and his shoulders felt heavy and massive. But even now, knowing that in a short while he would menace some anonymous clerk with the ugly weapons he carried, his thoughts were not completely free of women. His attention was focused on one particular girl. Later, today, he would be officially engaged to her. This was the reason for the robbery, he told himself.

Money did not seem to concern her. She loved him with the trusting blindness of the young and optimistic. But he knew that in the years ahead, money would play an important factor in the perpetuation of their happiness together. It had always been that way: With his own parents, his close friends, people he had known only casually. Everything was relaxed and innocent in the beginning, but soon the solid reality of economic necessity intruded and the fairy tale burst with a dull pop. The world was no longer a place of bright colors, sweet smells, laughter, and a wide field through which they could skip and dance lightheartedly, then.

Back in the car, Harry Schultz withdrew two silk stockings from a rear pocket. He laughed softly as he imagined himself returning them to their owner. Harry had nothing against women. But his interest was seldom of a romantic nature. To Harry, they were a practical, biological necessity.

The big wall clock in the garage said one fifteen. Work inside had slowed to almost a standstill. The men on the nightshift occupied themselves with general chores and servicing the occasional car which stopped at that late hour. Everything seemed to go at half speed, as though the men sensed the ultimate indecency of working while

nine-tenths of the city slept.

But downstairs, beneath the bright, angular modern building, there was purposeful activity. The cashiers from the various departments were bringing down their receipts to the accounting office.

From their vantage point in the Chrysler, Sam and Harry watched the cashiers casually gathering together their money and sales slips and make their way to the basement. Their attention was drawn to one in particular, the old man who handled the cash for the lubricating department. Their observations, the past week, had singled the man, Gus Walters, as a slow, meticulous worker. He took almost a quarter longer than any of the others in tabulating his receipts and cash. They knew, too, that in all the years he had worked as cashier, he had never experienced a holdup.

Finally, satisfied, Old Gus gathered together his bundle and headed toward the door to the basement.

As he took his first step, Sam put the Chrysler in gear and moved slowly toward the service station. As the car drew into the area, they saw one of the attendants mopping the floor near the entrance to the basement.

"Good eve'n," he said, leaning on the handle of his mop, smiling at the two men as they got out of the sedan. They left the motor running.

"S'pose you want the key to the washroom? Hold on. I'll get it for ya."

The customers' washroom was part of the plan; the unexpected presence of the attendant was not. It was here they were to put on the stocking masks and get their shotguns.

Harry had already gone down the

stairs, and was waiting at the door of the washroom, when the attendant returned and handed the keys to Sam.

"Of all the goddamned things to happen," Sam muttered angrily, closing the door behind.

"Shut your face," Harry hissed. "You'll be out of the country, soon, and long forgot by that hoosier."

Neither of the men cared to carry on the quarrel. Their energies were focused on the moments immediately before them. Their single goal was to get the job over with as quickly as possible.

The masks on and their weapons, which they had carried under their rain coats, checked, they emerged from the cramped quarters of the washroom and made for the door directly opposite them. The door led through the employees' lunchroom, and then to the accounting office.

During the few seconds it took them to cross the dimly-lit, deserted lunchroom, looking vaguely like a graveyard, with the chairs turned legs upward on the tables, Sam felt the knot twist in his stomach and the weight of his shoulders travel onto his legs. For a brief flash, he seemed to be moving in a dream. Everything was suddenly unreal. There were three possible conclusions to this adventure: One, that they get the money and get away; two, that they be captured, and three, that they might be wounded or killed. None of the three seemed real. Sam could not, in that moment, either imagine himself rich or dead.

He thought again of his girl. She seemed somehow, now, as a sanctuary; a safe harbor from all this. Warm, safe, secure, he wanted, suddenly, nothing more than to be in her arms,

listening to her whisper constant reassurance that all would be right. Right then, he wanted that, desperately. The right way was the best way, she had told him, once. *Was she right?* But they were almost at the door of the accounting office. *No time to think about that, now. I've made my move. There's no turning back.*

Inside the office, Old Gus Walters passed his cash box and balance sheet over to Tom McGarvey, night operations supervisor.

"Thanks, Gus. Now, empty your pockets and we'll add this up."

The others in the room grinned. McGarvey chuckled selfconsciously at the necessity for this company routine. Old Gus was a synonym for integrity and honesty.

"Looks like you've had a pretty good day," one of the younger cashiers commented casually.

"Heavier'n usual," Gus admitted, serious, unsmiling as he handled the money.

As they counted, McGarvey looked up at Gus for a moment and asked, "How're the plans going?"

"Whose? Mine, Mary's or Virginia's?"

McGarvey chuckled softly. He looked up again from his work and his eyes swept the room with a good natured twinkle and addressed the others who were watching, "Old Gus is a guy leading a full life. His wife, Mary, was elected president of her woman's club, yesterday; he's planning a month vacation in B.C., and his daughter, Virginia, is getting engaged today. How's that for living a busy life."

The others mumbled weary, but enthusiastic congratulations to the old man.

Then, there was a knock on the door. Unthinking, his thoughts still on Old Gus' good fortune and his desire to get home and to bed, one of the cashiers unlatched the door and opened it slightly. The door seemed to explode in his face and he was sent reeling back. The door wide open, now, Sam and Harry stepped in quickly, their shotguns brandished threateningly. Harry closed the door while Sam herded the stunned, bewildered men toward one side of the room.

"Now. Down on the floor," Harry snarled, thrusting the wicked barrel of his piece at them."

Old Gus was the last to realize what had taken place. The ugly double-barrelled muzzles of Harry's gun paralyzed him. Then, slowly, the panic began to rise from his chest to his mouth. His eyes opened wide, and his mouth opened to provide exit for the cry bubbling up within.

Like a spark leaping from one contact point to another, Harry sensed the old man's hysteria. The tension and strained nerves of the past weeks drilled a blind message to his brain. DANGER...Shoot. Harry's fingers squeezed convulsively, without conscious volition, on the twin triggers.

The thrust of the first shot punched Old Gus Walters in the chest, slamming him straight back into a row of filing cabinets. He rebounded off them in time to stumble face first into the second spray. He seemed to do a half somersault in the air, before hitting the floor with a sodden, loose-boned splat.

McGarvey thrust his head up from his prone position, on the floor, with an expression of astonished fear. But before the lips could draw apart, Harry

brought the butt of his gun against the top of his head. McGarvey's face crunched as it hit the concrete floor and a trickle of blood began to form a puddle near his smashed nose and jaw.

Outside, the attendant they had seen when first driving up to the station, heard the shots. But he dismissed them as backfire from a truck within the bowels of the garage. He looked down the staircase, toward the washroom, and then noticed the door to the lunchroom open. Wondering if the two men had taken the wrong door in leaving the washroom, he started down the stairs.

A truck pulled in, honking its horn blatantly.

Downstairs, Sam and Harry stuffed the contents of the opened safe into a pillow case. The money in the bulging sack, the two men exited quickly into the silent lunchroom, but not before Sam ripped the telephone from the wall.

Quickly, they started up the stairs, hammering the attendant on the head as they ran into him, halfway up. Sam kicked him and the limp body tumbled the remaining distance down the stairway.

Outside, no one was in sight as they leaped into the sedan. The truck driver gave them a careless glance and honked his squaking horn again. The Chrysler eased out into the street at a cautious speed.

Two blocks away, the Chrysler picked up speed and began weaving through a carefully selected network of side streets. A mile and a half away, Sam pulled off the street, guiding the car down a grade, into a sub-level parking lot, under an apartment building.

In the accounting office of the Canadian Tire Company building, the alarm had been sent to the police. There was confusion in the room. Someone attempted to revive McGarvey, but no one approached the bloody, mutilated body of Old Gus.

McGarvey groaned and slowly regained consciousness. A few of the men helped him to his feet, where he teetered uncertainly. Then, suddenly, he remembered Old Gus.

"Poor old guy," he grimaced. "He had a hell of a lot to live for, yet, I wonder how his daughter will take it. This was supposed to be the day of her engagement party."

The police arrived, then. They took over, cataloguing, searching, questioning. Finally, they took McGarvey and two others, including the attendant who had first seen the two men outside, along to the police station. They would be shown photos of known armed robbers in the hope that they would be able to identify the pair. McGarvey's head throbbed mercilessly. The police bandaged it as best they could, and promised him they would take him to the hospital after he had finished with the mug shots.

Toronto did not see the sun rise that morning. A thick, murky canopy of clouds blanketed the city and occasionally, a thin drizzle of rain came down. In the grey, spectarish dawn, cars moved slowly, but steady, their headlights glaring like bloodshot eyes, as they passed the apartment building where Sam and Harry had taken refuge. Through the tangle of cars a Metro bus hurried purposefully wriggling through the traffic maze like a halfback on a football field. The passengers it vomited forth at the corner

stop were the only persons moving on the streets. Occasionally, there was the plaintive, frustrated wail of a police siren, as the searching cruiser started hopefully after a black Chrysler, or similar looking sedan car.

Throughout the hours before dawn, Sam and Harry had listened to the staccato scream of the police cars. They had passed the building several times, and the pair had swallowed hard and waited. But no one knocked on the door of the eighth floor apartment.

Not until the first signs of light seeped through the windows from the grey skies, did the pair turn their attentions to the pillow case of stolen money. Dumping it on the sofa, they prepared to count it.

Harry muttered a wild curse and slammed a bundle of the money to the floor. Sam followed his eye to the fallen package. His stomach sank and his knees suddenly weakened. The contents of the package revealed the Canadian Tire Company coupons. His eyes darting back to the tumbled stack of bills on the sofa, Sam saw that most of the take consisted of coupons.

Stunned, they counted the remaining money with numbed hands. There was a total of 14 thousand, eight hundred, and forty three dollars. Then, they gathered the coupons, money, and guns, and put them into a suit case. The suitcase they placed above the elevator car, outside their apartment. It would be safe there for a while.

Back in the apartment, the two men felt completely drained. Sam looked at his watch. It was half past six. In eight more hours, he would have to begin getting ready. His engagement party was for late that evening, but he would have to clean up and later, they would have to make their plans. But there

"I had to pick a psychopath . . ."

was still time for some sleep.

He could not sleep, however. Lying on the small davenport, he thought with bitterness: *I had to pick a psychopath, an utter nut. You're in it, now, buddy. Deep, right up to you're neck . . . probably with a rope. And Virginia? What about her? She said once that you'd go far, if you only tried. Well, I'm going far, all right. Money isn't everything . . . but it's a good start. Oh hell. Better get some sleep. You have to meet her old man, tonight.*

Sam had met the girl just six months ago. They fell in love, and had decided to get married only last week. He had not even met her family, yet.

He drowsed off for a while, but the late morning sunlight, slanting through the window, brought him awake with a start. His head was throbbing and he felt as though he had a hangover. He swallowed several times. His tongue was too thick and his throat dry and raw. As he stood up from the davenport, the room gave a quick, crazy turn and he had to reach for support.

The bedroom door was open and he saw Harry sprawled across the bed. As he looked at the inert form, he felt a sudden surge of hatred swarm through him. *Rotten, stupid, gun-crazy s.o.b.*

He glanced at his watch. It was five minutes until eleven. He could catch the news before taking a shower and changing clothes. Before turning on the small TV set, he walked across the room and closed the bedroom door.

His timing could not have been more

perfect. The first words of the commentator concerned the robbery and murder. There was a slight stirring in the recesses of his mind when the screen announced the name of the murdered man—Gustave Walters. *The same as Virginia's* he thought absently. And then, there was a flash of pictures on the screen. One was of the old man. Then came a picture, apparently in Walters' home, of his wife, greyhaired, middleaged, dry-eyed from too much weeping. On her shoulder, a young girl had her head buried.

He frowned. There was something vaguely, hauntingly, familiar about the scene. He tried to concentrate. His head pounded wildly and, in a moment, his heart joined in the cacophony of thumping. The girl. Though he could not see her face, there was something familiar about her. And then, suddenly, she looked up. Her young face was twisted and ravaged with her sorrow, but there was no doubt now. *It is Virginia.* Gus Walters was her father.

For a moment, everything was a whirling maze. When he recovered, there was an advertisement on the screen. His hand trembled and he had to bite his lip. Oh no, he mumbled twice. Oh no! His momentary blank had prevented him from hearing the announcer's parting words: "Police expect to make arrests momentarily. Positive identifications of the gunmen was made by an attendant late this morning, from police files."

Sam stumbled, as though drugged,

toward the davenport. But then, like a blanket dropping over his head, the rage hit him. He was aware of his actions only in a remote way. It was almost as though he was floating above his body, watching its antics from a distance.

He opened the bedroom door and fell on Harry, both fists swinging blindly. From his throat, guttural animal sounds came forth, like the whimpering of a wounded beast. Harry awoke to the smash of a fist flattening his nose into a pulpy mass. There were other blows, most of which were ineffectual, but by the time Harry was able to get his hands on the bedstand lamp and bring it down on Sam's head, his face was a torn, bloody mess, and one eye was completely closed.

Sam crept slowly out of the darkness back to consciousness. He stirred on the floor of the bedroom. It required several seconds for him to realize what he was doing on the floor. The anger was gone, now, as he struggled up on wobbly legs. Harry was not in the bedroom. A few minutes later, Sam saw he was no longer in the apartment. Quickly, he stumbled toward the window. He was just in time to see the black Chrysler pull out of the entrance below the building.

The stupid, panicky jerk, he swore. He's completely lost his head. They'll spot him in that car in a minute. The thoughts barely had time to form themselves when he heard a shot. Then, he saw a police cruiser smash into the front of the Chrysler a half a block away.

As though in a trance, he watched Harry, a dim figure at the distance, squirt from the smashed auto. He be-

gan running toward the corner. But there was another shot and Harry seemed to stumble. And then there were two, three, four, a dozen shots, and Harry staggered and jerked like a puppet on a string. Finally, the shooting stopped and his former partner slid slowly against the brick wall, to the sidewalk, and then lay still. Sam watched for several seconds more. Then, he stepped back.

Somewhere, from a long way off, a voice was saying to him: *Get the money and beat it. It'll take you only a few minutes. Grab the money and out the back entrance. It'll take them at least an hour to pinpoint you to this apartment. You can be long gone.*

He walked toward the apartment door and out.

The morning air was sweet and fresh as he stepped out into the street. He drew it deep into his lungs and let it out slowly, savoring it. The street was still wet from the rain, but thin mists of steam were rising up, evaporating in the conquering sun. Somehow, the whole world seemed clean and well and sane. For the first time, since he could remember, everything seemed right.

He was walking directly toward the smashed car and the riddled body of Harry Schultz. There was a crowd around the scene, despite the efforts of the police. Several squad cars had joined the smashed cruiser.

From another world, a voice called to him: "Hey, Vitero. Stop. You're under arrest. Stop or we'll shoot."

Sam smiled. He wondered who Sam Vitero was. Somehow, the name was familiar. He felt sorry for the guy. He was glad he was not Sam Vitero; that he was—who was he? Well, it didn't

matter. In a little while, he would be married to Virginia and all the little things that seemed to be dancing around in his head, demanding his attention, clamouring for him to take notice of them, would be gone. He would be warm, safe, free.

He seemed to have run into something. He stumbled, staggered, and righted himself again. But there was a dull feeling in his side. Then again, he hit something. This time with his shoulder. It spun him half around. The

numbness spread across his body. He seemed to be drifting now. He was too tired to walk. *I'll just rest for a few minutes. Then, I'll go to Virginia. Just a little rest....just for a few minutes.*

"That's Vitero, all right," the policeman said, nudging the dead body with the toe of his shoe. "Funny, how he kept coming towards us, holding that empty shotgun in one hand and the suitcase in the other. Right out in broad daylight, too. Funny."



I OBJECT TO THIS LINE OF QUESTIONING !!!

STEWART



H U M O U R



Warden—"We must set you to work. What can you do?"

Forger—"Give me a week's practise and I will sign your checks for you".

An old offender being asked whether he had committed all the crimes he was charged with, answered, "I have done still worse! I suffered myself to be apprehended."

First Burgler—"I need eyeglasses."

Second Burgler—"What makes you think so?"

First Burgler—"Well, I was twirling the knobs of a safe and a dance-orchestra began to play."

Gangster—"Come on! Let's figure up how much we made on this job."

Accomplice—"Hell, no! I'm tired. Let's wait and look in the morning papers."

Visitor—"Why are you here, my poor man?"

Prisoner—"I'm a victim of dat unlucky 13, lady."

Visitor—"Indeed! How's that?"

Prisoner—"Twelve jurors and one judge."

A social worker was much impressed by the melancholy attitude of several of the prisoners interviewed.

"My poor fellows," he sympathized, "there must be something I can do—what is the length of your sentences?"

"We get out tomorrow," they replied.

"Did you give that mug the third degree?" asked the police chief.

"Yes. We browbeat and badgered him; that is, kicked and punched him with every question we could think of."

"What did he do?"

"He dozed off and merely said now and then: 'Yes, my dear, you are perfectly right.'"

Fred Flatfoot—"We'd better keep 'Fingers' Torteeli under surveillance."

Donald Dick—"Yeah and we'd better keep watching him, too."

Burglar at home to young son—"I did not spank you for taking the jam, my boy, but for leaving your fingerprints."

Diamond Writer Forsees...

Canadian, U.S. Prisons May Be Drying As Red Cross Blood Sources

by Tom Bergin

Canadian and U.S. prisons, as one of the main supply lines to Red Cross plasma bottles, are in danger of drying up.

Three or four years ago, the average turnout by prison inmates at blood drives was 70-100%. At present, it hovers around the 30-60% point, with no signs of recovery in sight.

The donor lag is being felt all across Canada and throughout the States.

In June, 1963, at Collin's Bay Penitentiary, 375 pints of blood were collected from an inmate population of 450. This was an above average turnout, but it was also a decrease of 75 in December '62.

The picture is much blacker in Kingston Penitentiary, where out of 900 inmates, only 374 (41.6%) recently contributed.

In the U.S., the situation is becoming acute. In Menard State Prison, Chester Ill., last July, 159 pints of blood were collected from an inmate population of 2,000 men. This is not an isolated case. "Donor drives" according to the Southern Michigan State Prison Spectator "have been lagging and each successive drive finds a lesser number of donors showing up at the registration desks."

Penal institutions, and the Armed

Forces, are two of the largest blood reservoirs most readily available to the needs of the Red Cross. If one of these supply lines (the prisons) should dry up, or the outflow of blood be decreased by an appreciable amount, the outcome, as a result of the nation's extra demands upon the Red Cross blood banks, could be tragic.

On the surface, it would seem safe to assume, that, in a confined area such as a prison, where all the necessary medical equipment and trained staff are available, the local turnout would be 100%. But this is not the case.

Penal magazines (and no doubt the Red Cross) are puzzling over what is causing the spreading donor decline.

Inmates everywhere are great talkers. They are always ready to discuss any subject at any given time. During some of their breezy discussions, the Red Cross question is frequently bounced about. Its pros and cons are minutely examined by the community-minded philosophers and it is not unusual to find the cons far outpacing the tattered pros.

Five main points of argument, which invariably shuffle to the fore of these tireless discussions, are:

One: The oft repeated accusation,

that the Red Cross collects blood at very little cost to itself and sells it to accident victims at approximately \$20 a pint.

Two: The marked absence of Red Cross personnel from the prisons except at blood letting time.

Three: The festering jealousy (in Canadian prisons) at the inducements offered to U.S. inmate donors. (time taken off their sentences and, in some cases, financial remuneration).

Four: The queasy, blood curdling fear many inmates have of being jabbed by a vamping sharp-nosed needle.

Five: The cold impersonal image inmates have of the Red Cross Society as a huge organization, made up of thousands of spotlessly uniformed nurses, up-to-date refrigerated bloodmobiles, and a wide variety of colorful wall posters pleading for blood.

There are more, but these five points are the major ones which help deter many inmates from donating. They get a lot of airing among the men. Everyone hears them at one time or another, and many take them at face value. They are taken at face value because there is no one around to deny the

stories or to spell out the actual situation to them.

As the stories and rumours grow, so also does the degree of uncertainty and apathy among the men. The donor lag is a direct result.

There is very little the Red Cross can do about 'beef', number three, the other four points could be more or less eliminated with very little trouble.

It could be done by a Red Cross representative visiting the various prisons, two or three times a year. During the visit, he or she would outline the needs and operations of the Society. Information on the character and founding of the Red Cross might help humanize the present image. Some Red Cross educational movies would fulfill a two-fold purpose, by being both informative and entertaining.

This may not be the final solution to the dwindling blood contributions, but at least it will clear up the picture a little and, at the same time, change the present Red Cross image from being an impersonal, big business operation, to a more personal, humane and interested society.

WOMAN'S WORK NEVER DONE

MADISON WIS: (AP)

John Thompson, director of the driver control division, reported Tuesday that his office returned an application form to a woman seeking a driver's licence, pointing out that further entry was needed under "occupation".

The applicant fired the notice back, filling the occupation blank with a list that included mother, maid, cook, dishwasher, window washer, pet tender, ironer-mender, furniture polisher, painter, and 16 other functions. "This is just a partial list," she added, "but I hope it will be sufficient."

Thompson said it would be.

Diamond 1st Person Award

HARRY



THE

HUSTLER

by R.H.A.

I have seen many characters in my short, but not wholly uninteresting life; some were memorable, others not so memorable. But probably the most despicable character I've ever had the misfortune to stumble across, drunk or sober, was Harry the Hustler.

Even now, everytime I think of him, cold chills creep over my body. I clench my fists and my teeth, and I feel as though I am going to have to regurgitate. Harry was the kind of guy you would not only cross the street to avoid meeting, but buy a ticket to Peking if you heard he was in the same country as you were.

Harry (as his name indicates) was a hustler. He would try to hustle anything, living, dead, or inanimate. But more often than not, Harry the Hustler could not hustle anything, or anywhere—not even across the street at a dead run.

Harry had several unfortunate hand-icaps. The first, but not necessarily the most serious, was his name. I was with him the time they booked him into the 7th Precinct Station, in Chicago, for attempting to sell a 'hot car'. Not only did he pick a plainclothes detective, but it turned out that it was the dick's own car Harry was trying to sell him.

"Name?" the desk sergeant demanded.

Harry hesitated for a moment, swallowed, looked at me sheepishly, and then replied in a strangled squeak of a voice: "Horatio Lewellyn Eustace Snodgrass."

The desk sergeant looked at him suspiciously and asked: "How do you spell Lewellyn?"

Harry spelled it for him.

After they threw us, none too gently, into a cell, I congratulated Harry. "That was a dandy of a monicker you hung on that dumb flatfoot."

Harry looked up at me from behind glasses which I swear must have been at least a half inch thick and replied in his squeak of a voice, sounding mortally injured: "What do you mean, monicker? That's me true name."

Those glasses were another thing about Harry. If he wasn't completely blind, he was the next thing to it. They should have classified his glasses as a deadly weapon. The lens were so thick and heavy that if he ever took them off and rapped someone over the bean with them, he would have caved in the guy's skull.

It was, in fact, because of those glasses, that I had my first doubts about Harry.

I had agreed, a few years before the 'hot car' incident, to go on a score with two other guys. We were going to heist a finance office on Belmont Avenue, on Chicago's near Northside, but we needed a 'six man' (lookout). One of the guys said he would find one.

The next day, about an hour before we were supposed to go on the holdup, I went to the apartment where we had agreed to meet. The other guy was already there, and there was a third one, too. He was short, fat, and almost bald. His skin was a pasty white, kind

"I wasn't going with a blind 'six' man..."

of like bleached-out spaghetti, and he wore those thick glasses which looked like chunks from the screen of a TV set. He was, in short, uglier than a member of the Toronto holdup squad who had not been invited to a Cherry Beach party.

"This is Harry the Hustler," one of the men introduced.

I took Harry's hand, doubtfully, after he had made a couple of fumbling stabs in my general direction, and said "Hi". Harry replied in kind, but the sound that came out of him made me jump back a full three feet.

It wouldn't be fair to say that Harry's voice sounded like a girl's, although it was several decibels above high 'C'. It was a cross, possibly, between scratching a piece of chalk across a blackboard, or a knife across a pane of glass, and a boar hog being emasculated.

I looked toward the other two, inquiringly, and nodded my head toward Harry.

The guy who had offered to get the 'six man' swallowed a couple of times and finally said, "Harry's going to 'six' for us."

"The hell you say," I spluttered, forgetting my manners.

"No, no," the guy insisted. "Harry's a good 'six man'. Besides he's my brother-in-law, and my wife won't let me go on the score unless I cut Harry

I was trapped there. We needed the guy. He had the layout to the joint and besides, he was the best heist man in that part of the city. I shrugged and decided to go along. After all, we had the job planned to a 'T' and the few minutes it would take to pull off

the job we might not need to call on Harry's undoubtedly questionable vigilance.

But my doubts came storming back with a vengeance when I had to take Harry by the arm and help him down the stairs. And when Harry tried to get into the car without the benefit of an open door, and administered himself a bloody nose in the process, there were no longer any doubts. Planned or not planned, fast or slow, I was not going on any score with a blind 'six man'. Not one like Harry, at any rate. Hell, we might trip over him during the getaway.

As it turned out, my caution was justified. The following day, I read in the Tribune, that my erstwhile partners in crime had all been nabbed in the act. According to the story, this squad car of cops had been cruising up the street, as plain as the sun on the Sahara Desert at noontime; spotted the action in the finance office; stopped, dashed out, with guns drawn and, literally running over Harry and knocking him to the sidewalk before he even knew they were in the same city, busted the two guys in the process of stuffing the cash in a shopping bag.

As I mentioned earlier, Harry couldn't hustle a snowball from an Eskimo in the middle of a snowstorm on Baffin Island.

A few years ago, Harry was hustling counterfeit money in the bars around the Loop (downtown area of Chicago). His method was to pick a crowded bar in which the bartender was as busy as a man trying to pull an infected tooth from a hungry bobcat with a pair of tweezers. Since the bartender

Harry figured he'd clean up with a 'sure-fire' potato bug killer....

could not be expected to interrupt his dispensing of booze to break a twenty dollar bill, Harry would be entirely justified in turning to the guy next to him to ask for change. More often than not, with a few drinks under his belt, the guy would be only too glad to be of help. Harry wasn't going to take a chance on the educated eyes and fingers of a Chicago barkeeper.

Well, Harry picked this bar on Randolph and spotted his 'mark'. He turned on his stool, suddenly, squinting at the guy, myoptically, and asked him to smash the double sawbuck.

The guy agreed, but after looking through his wallet, discovered he had only a ten. But he told Harry he had his paycheck, for seventy dollars, and he would endorse it over to Harry if he would cash it.

Harry saw his chance to get rid of four twenties at one sweep, and grabbed at it. He gave the guy the four twenties, and the 'mark' endorsed the check and gave it to Harry along with the ten spot to make up the difference.

The next day, Harry went to the bank to cash the check, but the law walked in on him. It seems the check was hot, and the guy in the bar had been smashing the 'stiffs' (phony checks) all over town. To add insult to injury, the sawbuck also turned out to be queer.

Harry gave everything a try, at one time or another. Once, he even tried going straight, although it was with crooked intentions. It happened while he was hitch-hiking across country and got himself stranded in Pocatello, Idaho.

The local yokels were having some trouble with their potato crops at the time. It seems an army of particularly hungry potato bugs had invaded the area. Nothing they tried seemed to influence the crunching little critters.

Harry was sitting at a bar, drinking a draft beer and eating a spaghetti sandwich, while listening to the hoosiers dribbling in their brews. As he sat there, something seemed to further short circuit the frayed and wholly inadequate mass of protoplasm he had to put up with for a brain—more specifically, he got an idea.

He had seen an ad in a girlie magazine which offered a sure-fire potato bug killer for sale. He searched feverishly through his flour sack of belongings and came up with the magazine. Sure enough, there was the ad, and it cost only fifty cents.

Hurrying down to the post office, he sent off his order to the address in Denver. The half buck just about broke him and he knew that if he was going to hang around town, waiting for the sure-fire potato bug killer to come, he would have to get a job or run the risk of being 'vagged'. He finally landed one, emptying chamber pots in a bawdy house. He didn't mind the work, or even the fact that he was working, because he had visions of becoming a potato king and a millionaire.

The day came when the package finally arrived. Clutching it, and his dreams of sudden wealth, he waddled and wagged his way up to the closet which served as his room. Feverishly, he tore the wrapping off the package.

Two blocks of wood and a neatly mimographed piece of paper fell on the soiled bedspread. The blocks were approximately two inches square and an inch thick. In the center of one was a neatly marked 'X'. The instructions read: "Place potato bug on 'X' and bring second block of wood smartly against first, thus crushing bug".

Harry's real troubles seemed to start when he got to L.A.

Once, he hired out as a 'hit man' (hired killer). But he was no more of a success at that, than at anything else. He ended up by shooting himself in the foot, getting a belt in the mouth by the guy he was supposed to trigger, and passing out from the sight of his own blood.

He also made a try at safe-cracking. He picked a joint on Figueroa, near 22nd and the University of Southern California campus. The joint was on the second floor. The 'pete' was a standup, old fashioned walk-in type that looked more like a double door wall locker. Any kid could have peeled it with a screwdriver. But Harry had to go the route. He used successively, but not successfully, a crowbar, a torch, a sledge hammer and, finally, 'grease' (nitro-glycerin). He used too much.

He not only blew the safe, but himself and the entire corner of the building out. He landed across the street in the back seat of a convertible. In the

front seat, a couple of college kids were necking. When the blowup came, and Harry plopped, suddenly, into the backseat, the boy looked up dazed and mumbled to the equally stunned girl: "Gosh, baby, you sure can kiss."

I suppose Harry would have gone on, bumbling indefinitely, if he had not decided to act as a 'six man' on another holdup.

There's no need to go through all the details. Briefly, the cops were waiting for the guys when they came into the joint. They were all busted and sent to Folsom on a five-to-life sentence. Harry was cut loose (freed). Before the 'heavies' were sent up north, to the 'joint' (prison), they sent word out that Harry had ratted on them.

It seems Harry made the complete circuit—'con man', 'six man', 'hit man' and, finally, 'finger man' (snitch).

I never did hear whether or not they got Harry. But if they didn't, they won't be looking for him any too hard, because if they know Harry the Hustler, as I do, all they will have to do is sit and wait. Somehow or other he'll bungle right into their sweaty, anxious little paws, and end up fish food outside the Catalina channel.

As for me, like I said in the beginning, Harry, undoubtedly, was the most despicable guy I ever met, and if I never meet him again, it will be too soon.

OKLAHOMA STATE PENITENTIARY, McAlester, Okla., — The 19th Annual Rodeo was held at the state prison during the summer, and was open to both inmate and civilian competitors. The rodeo is one of the largest in the American Southwest.

Laughter, Women, and Song

Outside Show Proves Hit Before 400 Inmates Here

—Kent Muzylo

Nostalgic music and songs, spirited dancing, and some earthy humor highlighted the 10th appearance of a Joe Woodhouse production here, October 27.

Woodhouse, a Kingston comedian, master of ceremonies, and sometimes producer, has been a perennial attraction here, bringing into the institution a bevy of top Kingston area and Canadian talent. The consensus of opinions among inmates, following the show, rated this year's review with the best seen at Collin's Bay.

As emcee and comedian, Woodhouse himself was the reigning star of the performance. However, he was closely pressed by lovely songstress Peggy LaBlanc, a Montreal soprano, and the lively Seaway Five of Ed McBain, an instrumental group.

From the standpoint of a disinterested observer, it would have been difficult to tell who was having the most fun, Woodhouse or the enthusiastic audience of 400 inmates. Balancing rejuvenated jokes, dressed up in a fresh twist, together with experienced showmanship and a Mitch Miller-type laugh-along, Woodhouse kept his audience titillated.

Miss LaBlanc featured a 'live', almost operatic voice, in rendering such favorites as "Autumn Leaves", "Exodus", and "Besomi Mucho". She dis-

played a sinuous and sensuous grace, both vocally and anatomically, in delivering several Latin American numbers.

The Seaway Five's creative "Sea Jam Blues" was the most outstanding of the several instrumentals they performed.

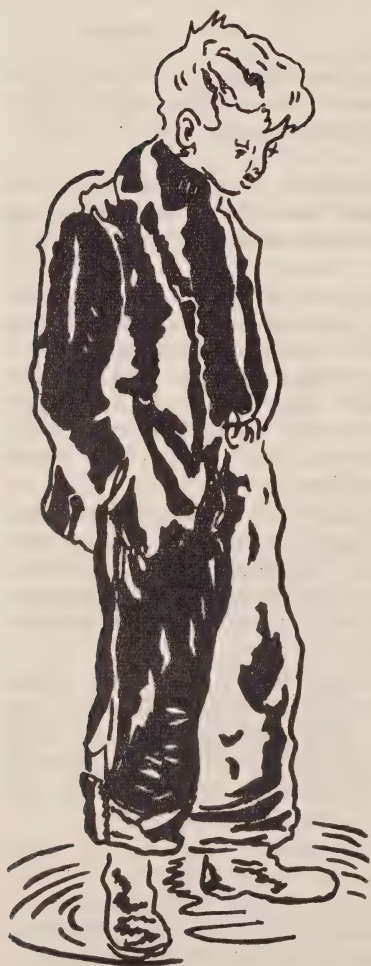
Joan Harris, a veteran of some 300 shows at penitentiaries in Canada, was impressive with several established favorites. These included "I Love You And Don't You Forget It", "A New Kind Of Love", "Who's Sorry Now?", "Don't Blame Me", and "You Made Me Love You".

The Lions Club majorettes furnished some highly acceptable choreography and baton twirling. The outstanding feature of the group was a luminous baton twirling exercise, with the stage darkened.

The second half of the show added the Orchestra of Russ Patterson, and vocalist Enid Reynolds. The 10 piece group included three saxaphones, a pair of trombones and trumpets, and a drum, piano, and bass fiddle.

Miss Reynolds sparkled in such numbers as "Lazy River", "Fly Me To The Moon", and "April and You". Her presentation was animated and with more than a touch or professionalism.

Fourteen-year-old Dino had run a long way to get to Irville.... but a 'long way' doesn't end at any special town or city....in any case, it didn't end at Irville!



**the
bending
of
the
twig**

Diamond Fiction

by Ed Soper

The freight train rattled across the prairie with the determination of a loose-mouthed greyhound, bounding behind an electric rabbit. The heavy iron wheels crushed the thin veneer of ice, on the steel tracks, to a fine white powder. On each side of the wide gauge track, the wheat stubble, bared by the low north winds, looked up in disapproval at the sticky soot which the grunting engine spewed out in rude belches.

Saskatchewan lay passive beneath the cold November sun, the dormant seeds of life locked in her belly, waiting out the gestation period of the winter freeze-up.

The red boxcars, bearing the legend CPR on their wooden sides, bunny hopping behind the rotund engine, resembled a troop of frolicking cubs hiking behind a fat, panting cubmaster. All the cars were uniform in appearance, with the exception of one; its door being partially open.

Dino watched the telephone poles whizzing by, and with the imagination of a fourteen year old boy, pretended they were giant redwoods which he was chopping down faster than the eye could follow. He was used to playing make-believe. Dino had been riding the rods for two consecutive days, and only the presence of the packing straw on the floor, which he had scooped into a bed of sorts, made winter traveling bearable. He didn't care about the cold. Dino's dreams were his insulation.

He lay down on the straw and closed his eyes; tired eyes which had seen too

much too soon. The Home had done a good job. It had dried up the tear ducts in the boy's body and made laughter a cardinal sin. To hell with the body, to heaven with the soul. Prayer....not laughter.

Six years old: No catechism. No supper.

The Lord shall provide

What is the sixth commandment?

Eight year old: Thou shalt not commit a...a...a donkey.

Adultery! You imbecile! Adultery!

Hold out your hand!

WHACK! WHACK!! WHACK!!!

Suffer little children to come unto Me

Nine years old: A kitten smuggled into bed. Won't eat much. Too small to eat much. So nice and warm. All mine....all mine.

Suddenly, the bed clothes ripped offthe kitten snatched away and carried into the washroom....the toilet flushes....the beating....the dark, lonely dormitory....two hot scalding tears, one for each thin cheek; both for the hard flat pillow.

From that night on, Dino Calletti never wept again. And he never knew why.

God is merciful

Fourteen years old: No more..poor box..hammer..six dollars and thirty-five cents..hitch hike-Ottawa-Toronto-Port Arthur..one dollar and ninety-three cents..riding the rods..clickety clack, clickety clack-not going back; not going back-

Go West, Young Man, Go West

The train slowed down, and the

"...Doesn't matter as long as I can get a job."

couplings of the rear cars shunted into the sockets of the cars ahead, jerking Dino from the arms of sleep into the mouth of reality. He rubbed the dried mucus of sleep from his eyes, and peeped cautiously around the door.

Irville: Population 450

Irville was a one silo town. Like any one of the dozens of clapboard towns that had sprung up in the middle of the grain belt. Irville had two schools; two churches (the Father and the Reverend); a Legion Hall (beer 25¢ a pint); a bank (assets \$250,000); two stores; the Irville Royal Store (you name it, we've got it) and the Farmers Mercantile (harvest credit terms). These were all on the main drag, referred to as Main Street, a dirt road with a title. The hospital and the courthouse were in Scottsville. Scottsville, with a population four times the size of Irville's, had ten No Parking signs while Irville had only one, in front of the fire hall (volunteer).

Dino cut across the tracks. He slogged along through the freshly fallen snow on Main Street until he came to the Post Office. He went inside and walked over to the bulletin board, hanging over the letter boxes, pinned with the news of the town and the country: Wanted-a baby's crib. For Sale-Bridal Dress, used only once. Buy Canadian Saving Bonds. Give Blood Now. Vacancies, Civil Service: Qualifications: The degrees of a Philadelphia lawyer. Salary: Compares favourably to that of a Boston street cleaner.

There were no local jobs on the board.

While he was reading, the clerk

came out from behind the wicket. He was in his early fifties and had seen many transients come and go. His eyes sized up Dino, from his baggy clothes to the unkempt hair. No need to be polite here; just another bum. "Whata ya look'n fer?"

Dino swung around and faced the clerk. "I'm looking for work."

"Nuthin' this time o'year. Won't be 'til plant'n or harvest time." Smug reproach crept into the clerk's voice.

"Nothing at all?" Dino asked with all the despair of a kid without money, in a strange town.

"Nuthin'," the clerk reiterated; more sympathetic now that his own good fortune of having a job had been noted by the boy. A half hour ago the same job had been dull and monotoneous. Thanks to the boy, it now seemed very attractive.

Dino prepared to leave.

"Just a second! There might be somethin'. Not much, mind you, but better n'uthin'. Course the money ain't what ya'd expect."

The boy turned around eagerly. "That don't matter long as I kin get a job."

Scratching the back of his ear with one hand, the postal clerk continued on in a pessimistic drawl. "Won't last long. Only a month or so at the outside."

Dino bit his lower lip to conceal the agitation which the slow talking clerk was building up in him. Just when it seemed the man would never get around to discussing the job the clerk broke out as a font of information. "Go over to the Irville Royal Store, and see Omar MacTavish. He's the

Two things made life worthwhile in Irville. . . .

manager. Boy he had broke 'is arm play'n hockey and my guess is he'll be needen someone."

"Thanks, Mister," Dino called over his shoulder as he hurried out the door. Better get there fast before somebody else grabs it, he thought, as he ran down the street.

Omar MacTavish had been the manager of the Irville Royal Store for the past thirty-one years. Before that he had owned his own small shop, but the depression had forced him to close down. MacTavish had been greatly frightened by the inconsistencies of the 'Thirties' and never again did he run independent. The company was safe and secure; a steady income with a promised pension at sixty-five. MacTavish lacked the ability to bounce back from adversity. Rather than face problems objectively and in a mature manner, whenever he meet with his cronies, he played the clown. He had wanted to be king of the hill, but he had ended up as the court jester.

Two things made life in Irville worthwhile to Omar MacTavish. One was the lack of competition for his job; this convinced MacTavish he was indispensable. Then there was the Mystic International Order of Porcupines.

To be a member of this fraternity, there were certain prerequisites which, if the applicant passed or possessed, he would become a junior 'Porky'. Omar was a senior 'Porky' and had been for twenty-five years; twenty-five years of chicken suppers every second Friday night, supplemented by an evening of concentrated twiddling. Twiddling sounded much more dignified than boozing, so-they twiddled.

MacTavish was standing alone, behind the counter when Dino came into the store. The old man squinted through his steel, rimless glasses at the approaching youth. How he envied the boy his youth, his supple body, and light, flexible step. MacTavish clenched his liver-spotted hands. Only the week before he had been pall bearer for Randy Forrester; making it three 'Porkies' this year he had helped carry to their graves. With death skirting so near, it was only a matter of time until the scythe swung his way. Omar MacTavish feared death. In his heart he didn't believe the predictions of his minister, to whom he paid weekly lip service. MacTavish had not lived; he had only existed. His had been a life with the risk taken out and, for six days a week, he became as a turnip in the company store.

Taking a deep breath the boy walked purposefully towards the old man. "Mister MacTavish?"

"Yes. MacTavish is the name, and what is it you'll be want'n?"

"I heard that your help got himself hurt, and I'd like to get a hold of his job 'till he gets back."

"How old would ye be?"

"Seventeen," he lied.

"Had any experience?"

"No sir, but I learn fast."

"Humph! not likely. Takes years to learn what I know; stock, prices and all that. Yessiree! Takes years to know as much as me."

"I could try, Mister MacTavish, I'm a good worker."

Omar MacTavish was going to hire the boy, but first he had to keep him

"Love'll find a way", said MacTavish

guessing a little. It made MacTavish feel powerful to interview people, even if it were only a youngster. Also, the back room was loaded with incoming stock that had to be sorted, checked, and put away. Omar had a meeting of the 'Porkies' that evening to attend, and he did not want to be held up by an avalanche of work which had to be done for the monthly inventory.

MacTavish scratched the sparse tufts of coarse grey hair on his head and came out from behind the counter.

"What's your name, boy?"

Dino got as far as: "Dino..."

"Dino!" barked the old man, "What kinda name is that? There's 'nuff for-eners around here now, widout hav'n any more."

"Not 'Dino', Mister MacTavish, Dean. . . Dean Owen. You didn't give me a chance to finish.

"Oh," said the old man, mollified, but still indignant over the foriegn in vasion. "Well, that's different. Gett'n so you'd need a violin to play some of their names; so many bloody 'Zs' in 'em."

Dino resolved to reveal none of his previous life to MacTavish. He didn't appeal to the boy as a person who could comprehend anything beyond the scope of his own rural prejudices.

MacTavish locked the front door and went into the stockroom, beckoning for the boy to follow. Piled in a mound on the floor were crates of dry goods, canned foods, and hardware.

"Trying to find some of this stuff is like trying to find Holy Water in an Orange Hall," muttered MacTavish, leafing through the delivery notes in his hand. "Here," he handed the notes

to Dino. "Look through these and check to see it's all there. After six now and I gotta run to catch a meetin'."

MacTavish was not afraid of robbery. There was no place for the boy to go where he could not be hauled back in a matter of a few hours.

MacTavish moved to leave. Dino called out to him. "Mister MacTavish, I got to find a place to stay. . . a boarding house or something."

MacTavish snapped peevishly, "It's supper time now. You can't be runnin' around bustin' in on people at this hour. Finish off the stock and look fer a place tomorra." He pointed at the loose cartons on the floor. "Make a bed here fer the night."

"I don't know if I can handle this by myself alright," Dino said.

"Don't worry about it." MacTavish jammed his cap on his head and made for the back door, "Love'll find a way."

And so it continued throughout the month of November and well into the month of December. The work piled up and MacTavish would be off in town somewhere or out at someone's farm organizing something for the Mystie International Order of Porcupines. In a way, it was better when he was absent. When he was present, he was usually so befuddled that he made many errors. Then, he would either make light of them or try to hide them, which only succeeded in compounding the original mistake. When these errors occurred, articles sent to the wrong address, or a bill totaled incorrectly, MacTavish always came out with the stock phrase, "Doano what to do with that boy ah mine. Never saw anyone so stupid in all my born days."

He was there when the town cop came..

MacTavish was a walking inferiority complex; he had to have a scape-goat.

Dino was contented even under these conditions. MacTavish had his gold ring, with a bean-sized porcupine on the head of it, and he was away most of the time getting ready for the New Year's initiations of junior 'Porkies'. Dino's bankroll was growing. He had found a cheap boarding house and, after all expenses were deducted, he managed to hold on to five dollars a week. Someday he meant to have lots. Already, he had thirty dollars saved and this was only a hundred shy of what constituted 'lots' to him.

The boy became money hungry, but it was honest money hunger that he fed with his five dollars a week. Then, one afternoon, a salesman had stopped at the store and filled him with visions of saving many times that amount if he were to go to work in the factories in Regina. According to the salesman, the people in the factories were 'really makin' it. hand over fist'. Dino resolved to head for the promised land; the land of industry.

MacTavish, at first, tried to play the genial, wiser man part, with stories of the drawbacks of seeking greener pastures. When his phoney smile failed him, he tried bullying.

"If ye quit now," he threatened, "it's no back time fer ye a'tall. Tis two weeks notice I'll be needen', and that ye have no given me. So me bucko, 'tis no money for the likes o'ye."

"It's mine. I worked for it. You owe me twenty dollars for the last two weeks, "Dino persisted. The sneer on

MacTavish's face frightened the boy. It was the sneer of a reneging welsher.

MacTavish looked down at the boy. "There's another little item. A month or so ago I was watching ye comin' down the street and I saw ye crossin' yerself. Tis a mick ye be. No good to deny it, ye dirty spawn o' th' Pope. Now git out!"

Dino stood still. "I want my money."

MacTavish gave the boy a push towards the door. "Git out," he roared.

A child cannot fight bigotry with reason. White with anger, the boy sprang at the symbol of all the hated adult world which had strapped the fetters of abuse on him from the age of six. MacTavish reeled back from the unslaught of fists that struck him in blind fury. Issuing a squeal of sheer terror, he scooted around the counter and fell, panting for breath, against the shelf. His glasses lay on the floor, broken, and his nose was bleeding from both nostrils.

Dino stood, trembling at the sudden release of years of pent up rage, and watched the slobbering old man. The boy rubbed his hands over his face and pressed his knuckles into his eye balls as if to erase the sight before him. Frightened, he turned and ran out the door.

He didn't stop until he came to the station. He sat down on the wooden bench and waited for the train. When the town cop came, he was still there.

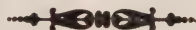
The cop took him to Scottsville where he was booked on assault, causing bodily harm, and attempted robbery.

A presentence report came through

and the magistrate read it over, before calling the boy before him. "In view of the seriousness of your offence, I cannot allow my judgement to be swayed by age. You will have to be made an example of." The magistrate leaned back in his chair, and gazed up at the ceiling while he twirled a gold ring, with a porcupine inset, around his wed-

ding finger. "I hereby sentence you, Dino Calletti, to two years, less a day, in the Provincial Reformatory."

Outside the courthouse, on the street, a parade of Christmas floats was going by. On the last float, a frantic, jovial Santa Claus screeched and rescreeched, "Merreee Chris-mus, everybody, Merreee Chris-mus. . . .



Inmate Committee Elections Slated For Near Future Old System to be Reinstated

Elections will be held for a new inmate committee as soon as arrangements can be made, Assistant Deputy Warden William Rynasko told the DIAMOND.

The inmate population is presently without official representation. The October elections were cancelled due to the lack of interested candidates, Mr. Rynasko said.

The coming elections will mark an end to the experimental slate nomination system, under which the last election, in May, was held. The committee will return to the former system of individual nomination and election.

Under the slate system, a committee could only gain office if nominated and elected as a complete slate—five regular members, with an alternate.

Under the individual nomination setup, the top three to five individual vote-getters will comprise the committee.

Also under the slate arrangement, committee members were eligible for no more than two consecutive terms. Under the reinstated system, individuals will be eligible to serve as many terms as they wish, provided they can retain the vote.

Until the coming elections are held, the past committee, chaired by Jim McDermott, with Larry Lonsberry, Ken Dufty, and John McBain, will, and have been, acting in an unofficial capacity. Paul Gregoire and George St. Amant were also members of the committee, but have since been transferred to camps.

Poetry

VISITING AT KINGSTON

(On Family Service Day At C.B.P.)

One bright and shining autumn day,
We all went down to Collin's Bay;
To see our boys behind the bars.
We parked with many other cars;
Then iron doors swung open wide
To let the visitors inside.
Each visitor gave up his pass,
Then all the Catholics went to Mass;
And Protestants came close behind.
A lovely chapel we did find,
With choir boys and filled up pews.
A chaplain told the Gospel news,
With message old, but somehow new.
I did not see an empty pew.
Cake and sandwiches piled up high—
Soon it was time to say goodbye.
A great big thank you to the staff,
Who worked so hard on their behalf,
To build morale and break the time.
Let's all come back Easter time!

— Daisy Mae

(The poem above was submitted to the DIAMOND by a relative of one inmate here. She has asked that we do not use her name, but rather the pseudonym above.)

MEDICAL REPORT

My parents have despaired of me
My brothers have forgotten
My sisters gave the air to me
My friends just think I'm rotten
My in-laws wish I'd fade away
And cause them no more tears
But the doctor has just said today
I'd live a hundred years

SO...

My parents dear, you've brought me here
I didn't ask to come
And my brothers three, it's plain to see
I'm just number four of a run
And my sisters too (I can't forget you)
And my in-laws, big and small
I am through with this verse (but for the worse)
I'll probably outlive you all!

—Anonymous inmate

FROM PETERBOROUGH EXAMINER

COURT JUSTICE

Some of our American contemporaries are making fun of British insistence that the police and security guards do not carry firearms. "Had the guards been armed, the \$6,000,000 would not have been stolen," remarks one. "Nor are guards likely to be armed in the future," says another, "it would not be sporting."

On a continent where a petty criminal can be shot down for stealing an automobile, this may seem hilarious, but in fact, it is simply a rigid acknowledgment that justice is not in the hands of the police, or law enforcement officials but in the hands of the courts.

FROM TORONTO TELEGRAM

CMA MOVES TO OUTLAW BREATHALIZER

The Canadian Medical Association wants to ban breathalyzer and other alcohol tests.

It called for an amendment to the Criminal Code that would allow motorists to refuse to undergo tests that could be used against them in court.

The Association's counsel accepted the proposal unanimously.

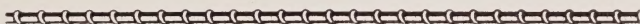
The Canadian Bar Counsel's assistance would be sought in formulating the amendment.

THE DIAMOND

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Written, edited and managed by the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, with the sanction of Commissioner of Penitentiaries Allan J. MacLeod.

It is the aim of **The Diamond** to reflect the views of the inmates on pertinent topics and to help bridge the gap between the prisoner and the public, as well as to provide a medium for creative expression for the inmate population of the prison.



PENITENTIARY WARDEN

Fred Smith

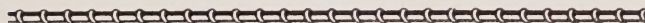
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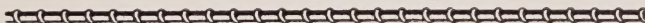
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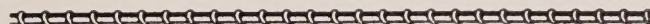
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